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LADY CELEBRITIES OF THE HUNTING FIELD.—No. 4. THE HON. MISS STAPLETON-COTTON.

honour of drinking my health; I beg to drink all your good healths in return." Thereupon he sat down, and, turning to his neighbours, expressed a hope that he had "not said too much?" Even with a liberal allowance of "ahems," and perhaps one or two tries back when the way to the end seemed obscure, this cannot be regarded as a tedious speech. It is polite, graceful, and very much to the point, and might serve as a model for many speech-makers who fail to see that it is infinitely better to be too short than too long.

A CERTAIN Miss Mabel Collins has written a novel which is possibly open to the charge of being ponderously silly, and may by some be considered elaborately dull, but which must certainly be commended for its originality. The heroine is a woman doctor, a specially offensive type of a usually disagreeable species, and her husband is a doctor also. He had no prejudice against her until they were married, but soon after a quarrel took place. It was not that he neglected her, that he flirted with his patients, or that she supposed him to be guilty of any such marital misdemeanours—to be triumphantly disproved in the last volume. These subjects have been used again and again, and will not do for Miss Collins, whose hero and heroine fall out because he cannot recognise an acute case of glaucoma when he sees it. A patient calls on him; she listens, and overhears the man detail his symptoms—not, perhaps, a very delicate proceeding from any point of view, but women doctors are not as other women are, thanks be to Heaven—and is assured that her husband is wrong. He declares that the haze over the patient's eyes is due to biliousness.

"No," said Ernestine; "I saw that the pupil is dilated to a degree that shows only a mere ring of iris; and the iris is discoloured."

Dr. Doldy laughed aloud. "That is all very well," said he, "but the man has constant nausea."

"So I heard him say," said Ernestine composedly. "You forget that I heard him detail his sufferings; and, perhaps, you don't remember either that recurrent vomiting is now ascertained to be one of the symptoms in an acute case of glaucoma."

She thought that ictectomy should be performed at once; he declined to accept this view of the case, and so the peace of a home was broken—and serve him right for marrying a woman doctor.

I HAVE lately received several inquiries as to the amount of truth there may be in the legend of a haunted house in a fashionable West-end square. What or who tenants the house—it is difficult to know what pronoun to apply to ghosts—is not stated, but the querists all seem to think that there is something in it. One gentleman, they tell me, having heard of the evil reputation of the house, walked by one day, and finding the door open, entered. He met in the passage a lady of anything but fascinating appearance, who asked him what he wanted, and on his replying that he wished to see the house, replied that he "had better not." He went upstairs, however, to the top room, looked into it, saw what are described as some hurdles inclosing—something. What it was no one seems to know, but the consequence was that he fled downstairs precipitately, and heard a blood-curdling laugh from the woman he had met, as he made his escape. Another story is to the effect that some people took the house for a wedding party. One of the men who disdained the idea of ghosts or bogies of any sort, declared that he would sleep in the haunted room. He persisted, though friends endeavoured to dissuade him; and when they went to bed it was arranged that if he rang the bell twice, they should go up to him. In about half an hour a peal was heard. They went up in case the second followed, and in a few moments it came, the bell sounding as if suddenly jerked. They entered the room; the ghost-seeker was sitting up in bed, a look of horror on his face. He had just time to cry out, "I've seen it!" and fell back dead. Other somewhat similar stories are also related. I have not the faintest belief in any one of them, but it is very strange that they should be current in so many quarters, and that the interest in the house should suddenly have revived. If any of my readers can tell me anything more about it, I shall be glad to satisfy my correspondents' inquisitiveness.

ALL but those who are blessed with abnormally robust nerves suffer from the constant noise and bustle of this busy century, and there is sound common sense in the complaint of the *Saturday Review*, which laments that microphones and instruments to augment noise should be invented, while the things that are really required are "megalophones," to lessen noises. If science were truly benevolent, the journal in question most properly asserts, she would hit upon a simple instrument which should soften or suppress the vibrations of sound. An instrument of light and simple construction is required. "It should be capable of being applied without inconvenience to railway-engines, babies, undergraduates, Home Rulers, and everything that loveth and maketh a noise. The megalophone would restore slumber to the eyes of people who live near railway stations and suffer from railway whistles. It would permit the drowsy of fast colleges to sleep in peace. It would impart a singular calm and harmony to political discussion. It would lull and soothe us as nothing else can, not even poetry, or the aspect of the mountains and the sea. When all this is so obvious to the meanest capacity, what does science do? She patents the microphone, an instrument by aid of which you can hear the sounds to which nature has mercifully made us deaf—the thundering tramp of the house-fly's feet, the yell with which a beetle meets his doom, the surge and thunder of the pulse in the veins of a human being." If those "honourable Members," the Obstructionists, together with Messrs. Edward Jenkins, Leonard Courtney, and other public nuisances, had megalophones attached to them the House of Commons would be happier; and extra strong ones might be invented

for men who go out hunting without discretion and will holloa and head the fox back up when they should be as mute as mice that cannot squeak.

AN interesting little book on "indexes"—some would call the plural of "index" "indices," but the author does not—has been compiled, and certainly contains some remarkably funny examples of indexing. Far away the best of the lot is the case of the solemn *savant* who, coming across "Edgeworth's Essay on Irish Bulls and a Treatise on the Great Seal," gravely put these subjects under the head of "Zoology." The notion of the Lord Chancellor keeping a big seal in a tank as a symbol of his office is excellent. Almost as good is the treatment of Mr. Swinburne's essay on certain writers who criticised him. He called his paper "Under the Microscope," and it came to be indexed as an example of "Optical Instruments." Some specimens in the "Companion to the Almanack" and "Pepys' Diary" are worth quoting, as, for instance—

Cotton, Sir Willoughby	New annuities
" price of	" Brentford
Court ladies, masculine attire of the	Old age
" of Arches	" Bailey
Lamb's Conduit	Scotland, state of
" Wool	" Yard

The confusion of ideas is singular, but on the other hand the compiler—I am not sure whether or not it was Lord Braybroke—would reply that his index answered its purpose, and this is undoubtedly a point in its favour.

IN these days of long distance competitions a feat lately achieved by a Mr. Easton should not be overlooked. It is said that this marvellous trial of endurance arose out of a bet with a certain Sir Thomas Ducrow, and I have every reason to believe that my information is exclusive. The bet was 5 to 1 in hundreds that Mr. Easton could not go to Carnarvon and back in three days, and in the interests of courage and perseverance, I am delighted to say that the sporting competitor has accomplished his arduous undertaking. Mr. Easton started from Euston-square at 11h 2½ min precisely—2½ min after the time appointed—and so remarkable was the speed he put on that in less than an hour he was twenty miles on his way. Nothing daunted by thoughts of the distance yet to be completed, he continued on with undiminished ardour, and within seven hours he had reached the good old city of Chester. During the journey it is said that his only refreshment was a brandy and soda at the Rugby Station of the London and North Western Railway Company, but at Chester he drank a glass of sherry and bitters. A rest of nearly twenty minutes took place, and wrapping himself in a rug of the sort generally used in railway carriages, he sped on untired. By ten o'clock at night he had reached his journey's end, having gone the whole distance in less than eleven hours! Mr. Easton was so little worn out that after sending a telegram to Sir Thomas Ducrow announcing his safe arrival, he actually played two games at billiards before going to bed. After a good night's rest, Easton rose refreshed, and having been examined by the doctors, who reported him none the worse for his exertions, he boldly set out at 10h 38½ min on the return journey. It may be briefly added that he reached the Field Club at 10h 4min 13secs, thus winning the bet in a canter. The last part of the journey from Euston was performed in a cab. The money is to be handed over at a dinner at which Sir Thomas Ducrow will preside, and all who honour courage and endurance, and appreciate good old English sports—of the kind—will rejoice at the success of this truly sporting event.

ONE of the neatest "sells" I have heard for a long time is related in Mr. Barnum's autobiography. He was staying at a certain hotel when one of the group of men who were chatting together proposed that they should have a race to a fence some hundred yards away, and that the last man who touched it should undergo a penalty not wholly unconnected with the purchase of champagne. Barnum declared that he could not run, he carried too much weight, and was not in training; but a much more ponderous old gentleman declared that he would try, and Barnum therefore consented also, thinking that at any rate he could beat the "nineteen stunner." They made a fair start, and Barnum was astonished to find himself leading, in spite of weight and bad condition. He continued to make play a length ahead, and suddenly the peculiarity of the fact that he should be beating young and active men flashed upon him. There must, he felt, be a trick somewhere; so on reaching the rail, instead of touching it, he turned round and watched. No one else, however, touched the rail, and then the wily showman saw through the catch. If he had touched it he would have been "the last man" to do so, as none of the rest would have put a hand upon it on any account. Disagreeable people who are fond of sells may try it if they please.

RIDING along a country road the other day—when riding was possible: if the owners of big studs use bad words as they look out of the window nowadays, it is to be hoped that the recording angel will make allowances—I met a painful object: a neat young groom, well mounted on a good-looking bay mare, with something that looked like miniature wings attached to her sides. As they came nearer I saw that the wings were huge shields of leather attached to the saddle between the flap and the stirrup, the idea evidently being to save the rider's boots from the splashes of a muddy road. Few pictures are more pleasant than the sight of a man neatly turned out sitting well down on a good horse; and to spoil the symmetry of the spectacle by attaching bogus wings to the saddle seems to me nothing short of barbarism. My apprehensions are aroused because a man rode down the Strand similarly attired a day or two ago, and I saw yet a third in the Cromwell-road. I heartily trust these "preservers" are not to be the fashion. The proverb that cleanliness is next to godliness does not apply to the honest mud that a horse splashes up on to his rider's boots.

MR. CARL ROSA'S success is a subject for general congratulation, as it would have been very unfortunate had such admirable performances as those to be heard at Her Majesty's lacked support. Among those who agree with this expression of opinion is a certain old lady, whose name Mr. Rosa would very much like to know. This benevolent dame has contracted a kindly habit of writing orders for admission to Her Majesty's Theatre—usually to a box, for a party of four—and appending to it a signature which she imagines—incorrectly—may be something like that of Mr. Rosa. Almost every evening, parties of four, armed with these orders of admission, march gaily up to the box-keepers and come gloomily downstairs again. The old lady in question, it appears, haunts shops and taverns, usually borrows something from the barmaid or attendant, and generously presents her with a box. I have one of the orders before me, giving instructions that a party of four are to be admitted to "box M. Second Tier." The old lady's spelling is not much better than her moral character, and as the boxes at Her Majesty's are numbered and not lettered, it is clear that she can only take in those who are strangers to the house. If she will kindly send her name to Mr. Rosa, a policeman will be immediately despatched to thank her appropriately.

RAPIER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

SIR,—Will you allow me to inform the writer of the memoir of Mr. Hollingshead in your paper of last week that his account of my endeavours to dissuade that gentleman from adopting the literary profession is not quite correct? That my friend Hollingshead did one day, not "when about nineteen years old," but at somewhere about the ripe age of twenty-six, suddenly mention to me, as a sort of happy thought, that he had resolved to forsake "the City" and take to journalism and magazine writing, is perfectly true. I may add that within twelve months from that day he was an active and valued member of the staff of more than one publication of high character, contributing to Charles Dickens's *Household Words* alone sometimes as many as three articles in a single week, and earning probably more money by his pen than any other magazine writer of his time. But the notion that all this was accomplished in the teeth of strenuous endeavours on my part to freeze the genial current of Mr. Hollingshead's soul is untrue. It was never Mr. Hollingshead's habit to ask advice about what he intended to do for his own benefit. The fact is, that, having known him from boyhood upwards, I simply assumed that he would do what he said that he meant to do, and congratulated him on his resolve. I doubt if there was a single person among his intimate friends who did not expect him to achieve in his new career a brilliant success, for the variety of his talents was, in his circle, even then notorious. Certainly if there was, I was not that one.—I am, yours &c.,

The Garden House, Clement's Inn,

MOY THOMAS.

February 26.

SPORT IN JAPAN.

SIR,—"Exon" in his notes of October 26th, 1878, remarks that a cricket club had been formed in Japan, &c. I arrived here in 1869, and found in existence not only a cricket club, but a racing club and a boating club. In 1870 or 1871 an athletic club was formed, and a fine track of 440 yards laid out; also a football club, and added to these we have an American base-ball club, a Swiss rifle club, and last, but not least, the ladies' lawn-tennis club. So that there are plenty of out-door sports in this most genial climate. Any gentleman coming out here I would advise to bring gun and rod, for he can find sport with both. I may add, too, that the Yokohama Amateur Dramatic Corps often give us a treat, having some very efficient members.—Yours truly,

Yokohama, Japan, Dec. 15th, 1878.

RED AND BLACK.

"A LEAP IN THE DARK."

SIR,—I have seen with great interest your picture of "A Leap in the Dark," and have read "Rapier's" account of the extraordinary incident. So, likewise, have several friends of mine, who hint that the circumstance as detailed is well-nigh incredible, and that were it authenticated in a less convincing manner they would not believe it. To say nothing of the fact that His Grace the Duke of Beaufort gives an authority to the occurrence, which is in itself more than sufficient, even without the assurance of "Rapier's" well-known pen, I am the more inclined to accept the account for the reason that a very similar incident happened to myself. I may say that such incidents have happened twice, indeed—that is to say, as far as the appearance of an apparent obstacle immediately before the horse's head. I was riding, however, and not on wheels, when I imagine that the danger would be greatly increased. In the first instance, the horse I was riding shied and turned round. The light came from the window of a public-house—how, I do not precisely understand. In the second case the light came from a cottage, right in front of my horse, as I was riding home, late at night, or rather early in the morning. My horse, too, started to collect himself, rose and, as it were, *threw himself over sideways*. His first instinct appeared to be to shy, but his native pluck coming to his assistance, he attempted to clear it. I was not, I must confess, prepared for the event, and a rather nasty fall has impressed the affair deeply on my memory, to say nothing of its having deeply indented my head.—I am, sir, &c.

I enclose my card.

SUTTON'S FARMER'S YEAR BOOK AND GRAZIER'S MANUAL will be found an invaluable assistant, dealing as it does with questions of serious interest to agriculturists, both landlords and tenants. The hints are of a soundly practical character, and are sure to find a hearty welcome.

LAYING DOWN LAND TO PERMANENT PASTURE AND THE IMPROVEMENT OF OLD GRASS LANDS. By Martin H. Sutton, F.R.H.S. With an original Treatise on Cultivated Grasses and Clovers. By Sutton and Son. London: Longmans and Green.—In each of these two papers, handsomely printed, the reader will find a thoroughly practical and valuable treatise.

Mr. Seymour Smith's Annual Benefit Concert took place at St. Mary's College, Hanover Park, S.E., on Monday evening last, when he was assisted by Madame Worrell Duval, Miss Matilda Roby, Mrs. Harry Brett (amateur), Messrs. Carter, Lester, Thornton, Chaplin Henry, Osborne Williams, Michael Watson, and other artists. The programme was good, and gave great satisfaction. Mr. Smith, as usual, gratified his audience with two of his own descriptive sketches, "Lord Mayors Day" and (in reply to a vociferous encore) "A Visit to the Opera." Mr. Smith possesses great talent in this particular class of entertainment.

REVIEWS.

A Memoir of the Rev. John Russell, and his Out-of-Door Life.
By the Author of "Dartmoor Days," &c. London: Richard Bentley and Son, New Burlington-street. 1878.

It would have been very unfortunate if no memoir of so good a man—in every sense of the word—as the Rev. John Russell had been forthcoming, albeit those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance need no printed reminder to keep him in their recollection. If it be true that a man is as young as he feels, Mr. Russell, despite his 82 years, is little more than a youth still; and that he may long be spared to gallop over the country he loves so well—and to do his duty all the better afterwards in consequence—is the fervent prayer of all who can appreciate the *beau ideal* of a clergyman, gentleman, and sportsman.

Of course many jealous and Pharisaical persons will protest that a clergyman should not hunt; and if this be a sin, the Rev. Mr. Russell has sinned indeed, for he has hunted diligently for three score years and ten. That he has on no single occasion neglected his work in his parish or in his pulpit in order that he might pursue his favourite sport is, however, cordially admitted; and why a clergyman should not seek health and recreation on a good horse in his leisure hours, as well as destroy his constitution and bore himself by sitting over a fire in his study and reading the local newspaper or the monthly magazines, is not precisely apparent. To what extent the sportsman, like the poet, is *nascitur non fit* we need not stop to inquire. Unquestionably an instinctive tendency to hunt was deeply and ineradicably planted in John Russell's breast, and he was, to use the stern words of his schoolmaster, Dr. Richards, "ringleader, in fact, of the hunting gang" at the early age of sixteen. He had then a scratch pack, and learned practically the elements of sport, which most interesting of studies he pursued with remarkable diligence at Oxford. One can easily imagine the supreme delight of the boy when one morning in 1814, as he sat pondering over Somerville's "Chase," his father suddenly appeared, and said to him, —

"Come, Jack, here's a treat for you, my boy. The hounds

are going to meet at Baron's Down, and I should like to show you a stag. Tiverton Fair will take place to-morrow; so you shall go there early and buy a horse for yourself; but mind, he must be a well-bred one and up to your weight."

He bought what purported to be a five-year-old and proved to be two, but none the less in time turned out as honest a beast as ever looked through a bridle. Soon after this Russell had a narrow escape of serious, possibly fatal, injury. Mr. Lucas, who later on became master of the staghounds, was riding a racehorse called Erebus, which let fly with his heels in dangerous proximity to Russell, and caught him under the stirrup iron with such force that he was knocked out of the saddle; but it was soft falling on the heather, and luckily not much harm was done.

We have not space to follow the Rev. Mr. Russell's biographer through the interesting accounts he gives of good sport in days gone by. So long as there was a chance of a run within reach Mr. Russell was there, entirely undaunted by distances half of which would have been effectual stoppers to the majority of even keen sportsmen.

"More than once," his biographer says, "has he gone, in the grey of the morning, on horseback from Iddesleigh to Four-hole Cross on the Bodmin moors—over fifty miles—hunted as long as there was light to see a hound, then, singing 'Dulce, dulce domum,' turned his horse's head and ridden, through the gloom of night, back to his home."

The following quotations will still better show of what stuff Mr. Russell was made:—

"But a week's work performed in the spring of 1874, when he was only in his seventy-ninth year, has, I believe, no parallel in the records of such feats. He was invited by Admiral and Mrs. Parker to stay a week with them at Delamore, their seat near Ivybridge, on the southern side of Dartmoor, to meet Mr. Mark Rolle, whose hounds were about to hunt that country, by invitation from Mr. Trelawny, on alternate days in conjunction with his own."

"To enjoy, at the same time, the hospitality of Delamore and the treat of a week's hunting with the crack packs of his two

friends was more than he could resist; so he responded to Mrs. Parker's bidding with a grateful acceptance.

"Accordingly, on Monday, the 23rd of March, he was off betimes, riding part way and doing the rest by rail—a distance altogether of more than eighty miles. Arrived in time for the meet, and hunted all day with Mr. Rolle's hounds.

"Tuesday, met Mr. Rolle at Ivy Bridge.

"Wednesday, Mr. Trelawny, Newham Park.

"Thursday, Mr. Rolle, Brent Station.

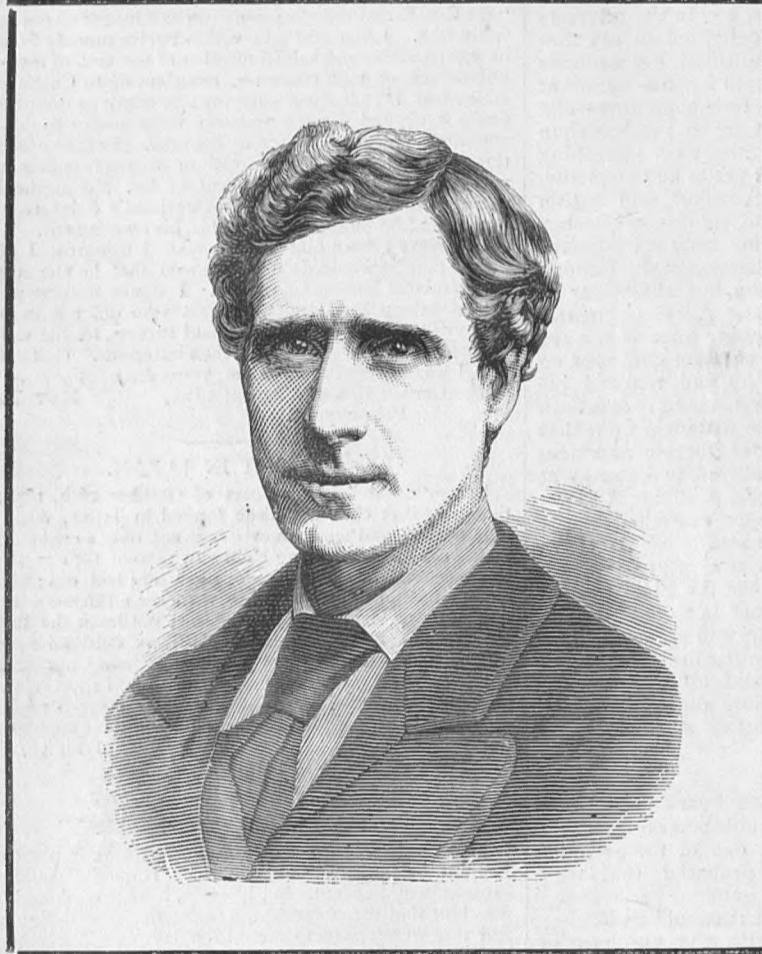
"Friday, Mr. Rolle, Delamore.

"Saturday, Mr. Trelawny, Hanger Down.

"Unfortunately, the weather during the week was not favourable to scent; consequently, with no lack of foxes, the sport did not prove exactly the dainty dish Mr. Trelawny's hospitality would have set before his friends. Having earthed their fox within a mile or so of Ivybridge on that sixth day, Russell looked at his watch, and finding it was just two o'clock, he took his hat off to Mrs. Parker, bid her and the field good-bye, and then, homeward bound, steered his course northwards directly over the moor.

"Between his home and Hanger Down, whence he started, the distance is roughly estimated at seventy miles; and as he pricked on merrily, and never quitted his saddle, with the exception of changing his horse midway, till he reached his own stable door at eleven p.m., it cannot be less. He then dined heartily, slept well, and the next day, to crown the week's work, performed three full services in his parish with his wonted animation, earnestness, and effect. 'Before he had taken anything to eat, however,' writes Admiral Parker, 'he sat down and filled a sheet of note-paper to my eldest daughter, saying he had tasted nothing, not even a biscuit, since he left our breakfast-table that morning at ten, and that he felt neither hungry, thirsty, nor tired after his day's work. The distance from Hanger Down to Dennington,' the Admiral adds, 'cannot be less than seventy miles.'

Probably, however, it may be parenthetically remarked, if he had felt more hungry, he would have been in reality more "fit." On page 240 another instance of endurance will be found recorded, and we cannot resist the temptation of



THE LATE MR. JOHN CLARKE.



THE LATE MR. JOHN PARRY.

quoting the subjoined capital story, given on the authority of the late Rev. William Hocker, vicar of Buckerell:—

"Mr. Hocker was standing at a shop-door in Barnstaple on a market-day, when Will Chapple, the parish clerk of Swymbridge, entered the shop, and while his business was being attended to, the grocer thus interrogated him:—

"Well, Mr. Chapple, and have 'ee got a coorate yet for Swymbridge?"

"Not yet, sir—master's nation partic'ler; 'tisn't this man nor 'tisn't that as 'll suit un; but here's his advertisement" (pulling out a copy of the *North Devon Journal*), "so I reckon he'll soon get one now."

"Wanted, a curate for Swymbridge; must be a gentleman of moderate and orthodox views."

"Orthodox! Mr. Chapple; what doth he mean by that?" inquired the grocer.

"Well, said the clerk, in some perplexity, knowing the double nature of the curate's work, secular as well as sacred, 'I can't exactly say; but I reckon 'tis a man as can ride pretty well!'"

It is very little, indeed, and simply the earnest statement of truth, to say that no man alive in the south country is more popular with men of all classes than the Rev. John Russell. Amongst other interesting stories the account of how his house was guarded by the gypsies is peculiarly expressive of this fact.

We can heartily recommend the volume to readers of all dispositions, though the biographer has, it must be admitted, included many incidents having very little or no connection with Mr. Russell and of not the faintest interest in themselves. A revised edition with certain judicious curtailments would give a still greater value to an excellent book.

Charity Voting and its Reform: The substance of a Letter to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., by JAMES SHIRLEY HODSON. London: Trübner and Co.

THE rash, unthinking folly which cries out for destruction as the only reform for abuse is not confined to our well-meaning friends

the total-abstainers. The most earnest and solemn of those preachers who denounce the stage from the pulpit as something to be utterly done away with, will admit that it is made sinful by those who abuse its opportunities. The red-hot democrat who yells for the destruction of the present or any other form of government but his own makes abuses his only arguments; the infidel who would fain utterly abolish religion does the same; and, indeed, there is scarcely a phase of our social, domestic, or political life, or a class of people in the community wherein this mistake is not perpetrated over and over and over again. So was it at a recent meeting of the "Charity Voting Reform Association," at which, in a resolution proposed by Mr. W. E. Gladstone and seconded by Sir U. Kay-Shuttleworth, Bart., M.P., it was proposed not only "to abolish the great abuses which have gradually over-grown the voting system," but bring about "the removal, not merely of the abuses of the system, but of the system itself." Mr. Hodson, in the little pamphlet before us, very ably defends the principle of charity voting, and shows that the abuses which have been and are associated with it are just those to which every other form of voting, political and municipal included, have been subjected. The following is very pithily and cleverly put. Addressing you must remember, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Hodson says:—

"Seeing that there is no man living who has done more to urge the right of voting, or who has been more successful in effort to confer and extend that right, it cannot for a moment be supposed that your objection is to voting in the abstract. The fact also that you, sir, as well as the baronet who followed you in support of the resolution, owe your position politically to the votes of your constituents, forbids the suggestion of your disapproval of the theory of voting in political questions; and it is difficult to realise the idea that what is constitutional in the region of politics and finance is unconstitutional in the region of charity. Different parties may and do differ as to the precise line of demarcation to be drawn, but the direction of all changes, whether municipal or political, has been to extend the franchise; and it may not unfairly be asked whether this extension of franchise has tended to increase the abuses which have attended the exercise of the power of voting, or

whether, on the contrary, it has had the opposite effect. . . . It is scarcely necessary to point out that there are 'middlemen, or hired canvassers, at parliamentary elections as well as in elections for charitable purposes; neither is it desirable now to enter into the question whether they are a 'necessity' or a 'nuisance,' but it may be noted that they are pretty generally patronised and made use of by those who desire success at parliamentary elections."

Mr. Hodson then proceeds to suggest how the abuses in question may be reformed, and advocates the removing of disease as a more sensible and desirable process than that rude and savage, but, perhaps, easier method of killing the patient. The axe is, we know, Mr. Gladstone's favourite weapon in the woods, but out of the woods and in the great hospitals of our social abuses the axe is, after all, but a very clumsy surgical instrument. Here is another extract:—

"It may be inferred from the constant reiteration of the *objections* that canvassing serves no *good* purpose whatever. This is far from being the case; for the exertions in canvassing made by the applicants and their friends, operate to draw attention to the merits of the Institution, are instrumental in obtaining fresh subscribers, and in stimulating to renewal and increase of subscription. So much does canvassing help the work of obtaining funds that it has been said, with much truth, that charitable institutions which depend upon voluntary contributions for support, in great measure 'live upon their elections.' As to the expense which is incurred in order to procure success at elections. Of course the expense is paid by the *friends*, as the applicants themselves are supposed to be in far too indigent circumstances. In the cases published by the Charity Voting Reform Association the friends in one instance paid between £21 and £22, and in the other case £12 os. 4d. in one election. Both these cases were successful, the latter one at the second election. It may be asked whether the clothing, maintenance, and education of a child for perhaps six or seven years is too dearly purchased by an exertion estimated at £22? Again, much as they may have desired to benefit their little protégé, would the friend

have contributed anything like this amount to the institution, to enable it to perform its charitable work, in the event of canvassing not having been a necessity? In the case cited from the Institution for Incurables, a lady complains that after spending £100, 'having sent out more than 1,000 letters, journeys to London, &c.,' the applicant only lived five months to enjoy her annuity. Looking at the matter in such a strictly financial point of view as she evidently does, it seems a pity that the lady did not arrange beforehand that her applicant should have lived longer, she might then have considered the money well spent. She now 'subscribes to no charity administered in so pernicious a way,' and probably will not, until another dependent shall require assistance, when she will undoubtedly adopt the same course as before. It would be instructive to see the lady's accounts, to learn how sending 1,000 circulars, and the expense of cards and 'journeys to London' amounted to over £100. Is it unpardonable to suggest that possibly the lady's shopping might be included in the journeys to London, or is it the sum of £70 paid on the day of Election—presumably for votes to secure admission—included in the amount? If so, it may fairly be inferred from the tenor of the letter (which evinces a far stronger desire to get value for money than to aid in a charitable work) that the lady would not, under other circumstances, voluntarily have contributed to the Institution. This is not an isolated instance of righteous indignation against a corrupt system arising after having made use of the system for individual benefit or gratification, and settling the little bill!"

Report of the Council of the Art Union of London.—Notwithstanding the great and general depression of trade, the distress

amongst the working classes, and the unusual difficulties with which trade has everywhere had to contend, the position of this society remains a very satisfactory and thriving one. Their new presentation volume is a work of high artistic excellence, containing a series of etchings, or "process" drawings, by M. C. B. Birch, illustrative of Lord Byron's poem, "Lara," selected on the ground that its great variety of dramatic incident would lend force and vigour to the artist's conceptions. The Report points out that during the past year death has been unusually busy in the artists' studios, but, alas! that statement holds good of workers in nearly every other prominent phase of high-class industry, as our own pages must sadly show, albeit space permits us only to record one here and there.

Honour Bright: A Domestic Drama in Two Acts. By H. A. JONES. John Tait, Ilfracombe. A domestic story of rustic life with a strong dash of character in the dialogue and effect in its situations, make us think that *Honour Bright*, with some slight modifications, might be a useful little piece upon the stage. Its chief fault is a frequent and unnecessary coarseness of language and feeling which would be destructive of the story's best points, and go far to rob the audience of due interest in its hero.

Stammering and Stuttering: their Causes and Cure. By W. M. ABBOTTS, M.D. London: G. J. Pitman.—This is a carefully-written and clearly-stated dissertation on a subject with which the author claims to have had thirty-five years' professional study. It gives its advice plainly and its reasons briefly, and is altogether a very comprehensive little book.

We have received Cassell, Petter, and Galpin's admirably got-up February monthly part of *Our Own Country, The History of the Russo-Turkish War*, and *Familiar Wild Flowers*. The

Monthly Journal of Science (a very interesting part) has also been received.

The Era Almanack for 1879. Crowded from beginning to end with useful and entertaining reading, this almanack cannot fail to find a welcome amongst all players and playgoers.

Original Sketches for Art Furniture. By A. JONQUET. London: B. T. Batsford. This work embraces a series of original designs for decorations and furniture of every kind constructed in the style known as Queen Anne's, and that of the Brothers Adam. We commend them to the attention of cabinet-makers as far superior to the pretentious shams they so commonly send out under the names of these now fashionable styles.

Familiar Garden Flowers. By SHIRLEY HIBBERD, with coloured plates by F. EDWARD HULME. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, London, Paris, and New York. This is the opening number of a new serial which will ultimately form a companion volume for the publishers' work on wild flowers on the same plan.

Our Domestic Poisons. By HENRY CARR, M.Inst.C.E. London: W. Ridgway. This is a very little book on a subject big with warning and importance. Few people are aware of the numerous uses poisons find in the arts and manufactures most intimately associated with their homes and their every-day lives. No one will peruse these pages without thinking it high time that some satisfactory legislation was adopted to suppress the careless and unnecessary uses of cheap poisons to which so many untimely deaths have with certainty been traced.

Brief. A Weekly Epitome of the Press. Vol. II. A more complete summary of the year's news in all its varied phases more compactly or better arranged for easy reference, or more cleverly compressed, it would be hard to imagine.



SCENE FROM "TRUTH" AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY.

[CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

The University Magazine contains a variety of articles of a solid character, with the conclusion of the "Old Contributor's" story, "A Lost Sheep." Amongst its contents are a biographical sketch of Miss Emily Faithful, with a photographic portrait, and a short paper on "Plays, Players, and Playwrights," by Mr. Tighe Hopkins, who is a warm admirer of Mr. Irving and a strong believer in the advantages to arise from a closer union between the Stage and the Church. The practical form of union he has in view we are unable to glean, although we are informed it is a question whether it does not already exist, merely because we have such men as Messrs. Fraser, Stanley, Farrar, Brooke, and Haweis openly avowing themselves on the side of the legitimate drama, as intellectual men of all classes and all professions always have done. Yet ignorance and bigotry have never been wanting on the other hand, nor are they now.

Belgravia opens with the continuation of Charles Gibbon's "Queen of the Meadow," which awakens increasing interest in its progress, and supplies a series of well-written contributions of which we like least Percy Fitzgerald's "Vanderdecken's Dream." "Donna Quixote" is developing into a story of deep interest and great power.

Once a Week is, as usual, full of stirring incidents and sensational adventures, with a little more solid material by way of padding.

Tales from Blackwood are again admirable.

The Ladies' Treasury is a readable number, with its practical

specialities for ladies all duly dealt with—dressmaking, cookery, &c., with chess and other pastimes.

The Theatre has two first-class photographic portraits of Miss Pateman and Mr. Burnand, and its regular features, stage news and short chatty papers of a light description, are well provided.

Macmillan's Magazine. In addition to its leading stories, one of which, by an American author, is now appearing also in *Scribner's Magazine*, we have "An American's View of England," some sketches of travel in Eastern Sicily, papers on the study of Anglo-Saxon, Chinese poetry, the age of Homer, Turkish reform, and the present great question of reciprocity in trade; while Mr. Thomas Hughes deals pleasantly with a newly-issued edition of "Waterton's Wanderings in South America" as "An Old Friend with a New Face."

Tinsley's Magazine opens with a new story by Mrs. Buxton, called "Trust Me;" tells—imperfectly, of necessity—"The Story of Old Sadler's Wells;" sketches cleverly "Half-a-dozen Literary and Political Contemporaries;" and absorbs our attention in a weird strange story of unmistakable power and originality by Richard Dowling. Mr. A. D. Vandam's work, "Amours of Great Men," is laid under contribution for one of its papers, and Mr. Byron Webber has some sympathetic lines on the death of the Princess Alice.

The New Quarterly Magazine (No. 22) is at its best. Space will not permit us to dwell upon its varied features, but they are all of the highest excellence and greatest interest.

Baily's Monthly Magazine opens with a beautifully engraved portrait and brief biographical notice of Col. Frank Chaplin, an entertaining and suggestive paper on Epping Forest, and some

sprightly verses on "The Manager's Ball." Mr. J. H. Shorthouse comes again to the fore in "Stud Farms: their Aspects and Prospects," and we have good articles, in addition, on "Wild Sports in the Scottish Highlands," "Pike Fishing in Winter," &c.

The Magazine of Art. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin. The opening number of the new volume is a most promising one, beautifully illustrated, and embracing in its contents the varied subjects which rendered the first volume so attractive to artists, art-students, art-manufacturers, designers, and the general public.

A GRAND morning performance in aid of the Chatterton Benefit Fund will, by the kind permission of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti, be given on Monday, March 3, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. The entertainments, exceptionally attractive, will be so diversified as to suit the taste of all comers. Miss Wallis will appear as Rosalind, Miss Neilson as Juliet, and Mr. Sothern as Hugh de Bras. There will be a concert by the Moore-Burgess Minstrels, and selections from *The Snowball*, *Faust*, *La Poule aux Œufs d'Or*, and *It's Never Too Late to Mend*, besides many other performances. Apart from his other claims on the favourable consideration of the public in this hour of adversity is that with which Mr. Chatterton may now be fairly credited, in consideration of the undeviating support and assistance he offered to every effort in aid of deserving benefits during the many years he has had the management of Drury Lane Theatre.

MUSIC.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

HAPPILY for the interests of English opera, fresh arrangements have been made by Mr. Carl Rosa and Mr. Mapleson; the choristers of Her Majesty's Opera Company will remain for a further period in town, and the current season of the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Her Majesty's Theatre will be extended to the middle of March, and possibly even longer. There has been no addition made to the repertory during the past week. *Rienzi* and *Carmen* have drawn crowded houses, and *The Huguenots* was announced for repetition on Thursday last—too late for notice this week. *Carmen* was announced for Friday, and for the afternoon performance to-day. *Rienzi* will be repeated to-night. There were some circumstances connected with the performance of this opera on Saturday last which deserve to be mentioned as a matter of justice to meritorious artists, and in proof of the excellent resources at the command of Mr. Carl Rosa. Madame Vanzini was on the previous morning so unwell that there was no likelihood of her being able to undertake the rôle of Adrian Colonna on Saturday. A change of opera was on many accounts undesirable, and in this emergency invaluable aid was furnished by Mdlles. Yorke, Burns, and Warwick. Miss Josephine Yorke sang the rôle of Adriano in the two first acts; in the two following acts Adriano was represented by Miss Georgina Burns, and the rôle of the "messenger of peace," previously assigned to the latter young lady, was undertaken by Miss Giulia Warwick. All three artists were perfect in their respective rôles, which they had studied in less than forty-eight hours, and the opera went smoothly from beginning to end. To the three young ladies who thus distinguished themselves special praise is due. They proved that they were not merely good singers but good musicians, and the incident will not be soon forgotten.

There has been a talk of reviving Herr Brüll's *Golden Cross* and Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, but at the present moment nothing has been definitively settled, and while *Rienzi* and *Carmen* continue to attract as they have hitherto done there seems to be little occasion to vary the programme. Should *The Merry Wives of Windsor* be revived the important rôle of Falstaff will be undertaken by Mr. F. H. Celli, an artist of remarkably versatile powers, who is not only an able vocalist but a clever actor, and can be safely trusted with any rôle which he may undertake.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The second concert of the sixty-seventh season of this famous society was given at St. James's Hall last week, under the able direction of Mr. W. G. Cusins. The programme, as usual, consisted of classical works, and for those who prefer this style of music abundant attractions were provided in the following selection:—

PART I.

Symphony in G minor.....	W. S. Bennett
Recitative ed. Aria, "Soltitudini amiche," and "Zeffiritti lusinghieri" (Idomeneo).....	Mozart
Concerto in D minor (9th), for violin.....	Spoehr
Overture, "Le Carnaval Romain".....	Berlioz

PART II.

Symphony in F (No. 8).....	Beethoven
Sarabande and Bourrée (suite in B minor).....	Bach
Cavatina, "Vorrei chiamarmi" (Faust).....	Spoehr
Overture, "Preciosa".....	Weber

The opening symphony has a special interest for members of the Philharmonic Society, for which association it was expressly composed fifteen years back. It was admirably executed, and so also were the Beethoven symphony and the two overtures. The violinist was Herr Joachim, whose magnificent execution of the D minor concerto of Spoehr, and the two extracts from Bach's suite in B minor, elicited enthusiastic applause. The vocal selections from Mozart and Spoehr were sung by Madame Edith Wynne.

MR. WALTER BACHE'S CONCERT.

It is seldom that the annual concerts given by professors of music present claims to special mention. Mr. Walter Bache's concerts, however, are remarkable exceptions to the general rule. With a self-devotion worthy of admiration, he disregards the profit which might be secured by compliance with recognised custom, and at great pecuniary cost invites attention to works which are at present unpopular, written by composers in whose inspired powers he steadfastly believes. A favourite pupil of Liszt, and an ardent worshipper of Wagner, he has for many years been their chief propagandist in this country, and although he has failed to gain staunch converts, he perseveres heroically. It is to him, chiefly, that we are indebted for opportunities of hearing the orchestral works of Liszt and of other composers who represent the "Zukunft" school. It included Glück's overture to *Iphigénie en Aulide*, Beethoven's 4th pianoforte concerto, op. 58, Herr von Bülow's "symphonic ballad," for orchestra, *The Minstrel's Curse*, Liszt's "symphonic poem" for orchestra, *Mazeppa*, Chopin's pianoforte prelude, op. 28, Liszt's Polonaise in C minor, No. 1, for pianoforte, and Liszt's 4th Hungarian Rhapsody for orchestra,—paraphrased by the composer from No. 11 of his "Rhapsodies Hongroises" for pianoforte solo.

Mr. Walter Bache's execution of the Beethoven concerto merits warm praise. The beautiful Andante could not have been better played, and the final Rondo Vivace was brilliantly executed. The cadenzas written by Herr von Bülow, and introduced on this occasion by Mr. Bache, however deficient in rapport with Beethoven, are calculated to task the powers of the ablest bravura-player, and in these Mr. Bache's facility of execution was brilliantly displayed. He was heard to equal advantage in the two selections from Chopin and Liszt, and was rewarded with hearty and unanimous applause. Glück's overture was played with the coda written by Wagner, and was delightfully interpreted. It was a fearful leap from Glück and Beethoven to Herr von Bülow. In *The Minstrel's Curse* he endeavours to furnish a musical illustration of Uhland's poem "Des Sängers Fluch," but, excepting in two instances, his music is neither descriptive nor characteristic, and might be associated with an entirely different subject. The bright and tuneful fourth motif suggests successfully the animating strain with which the younger minstrel enchants the Queen, and the ninth and tenth motifs are sufficiently obstreperous to suggest any amount of cursing; but, with these exceptions, Herr von Bülow has failed in his attempt to create a musical picture. His want of creative power is rather demonstrated than hidden by his vehemence and exaggeration; and the din of the orchestra at times becomes deafening. It is not by artifices of this kind that weakness is concealed. When the orchestral tumult ceases, the listener finds that it has conveyed no fresh ideas, and has been only "sound and fury signifying nothing." It bears the same relation to real power as the ranting of a third-rate melodramatic actor to the thrilling utterances of a great tragedian.

Liszt's "symphonic poem," *Mazeppa*, was the pièce de résistance. Pains have been unnecessarily taken, by Herr Wagner and other writers, to justify the adoption of new forms for orchestral works, and it has been observed that as the symphony, when originated by Haydn, was a "new" form, founded on orchestral

"suites" of dance music, the "symphonic poems" of Liszt, although new in form, may none the less claim an impartial hearing. We share in this opinion, and while reverencing the great works which have been written according to recognised forms, we believe in progress, and are ready to welcome new developments of art, or at least to listen to them with impartiality. Liszt had a perfect right to depart from the formulas of the orchestral symphony—as perfected by Beethoven—and to embody his own ideas in the shape of a "symphonic poem." Whether he has the genius necessary to secure the popularisation of this new form is quite another question. In his *Mazeppa* there are passages which may be warmly praised, notably that which portrays the exhaustion of Mazeppa and the death of his steed, and good use is made of the Cossack march tune, which predominates in the finale. These are almost the only plums in Liszt's musical pudding, which is spiced with eccentricities and extravagances, provocative of smiles rather than of admiration. He starts with a terrible discord, "followed immediately by a wild rush of triplets" through eighteen bars, succeeded by twelve bars of equally unintelligible matter, supposed to illustrate the beginning of Mazeppa's ride, but entirely devoid of characteristic colouring. Next comes what is styled by the programme commentator a "truly grand and expressive melody," which appears to us to consist of nothing but a sequence of disjointed phrases. When repeated for the third time this "melody" is placed "in the midst of an accompaniment by the strings, so complicated in its rhythmical and tonal construction" that the four strings are divided into no less than eleven (!) sections. These materials are reproduced with constant change of key, as well as material alterations of rhythm and tonality, and "confusion worse confounded" is the result. Liszt has taken infinite pains to show that he has nothing new to say, and his *Mazeppa* becomes less endurable at every repetition. We cannot conclude our remarks on these subjects better than by quoting the concluding paragraph of the first notice of *Mazeppa*, which appeared in this journal two years back:—

"It is impossible not to admire the perseverance with which Mr. Bache, year after year, makes large pecuniary sacrifices on behalf of his master—difficult to repress regret that so able an artist should be so hopelessly engaged. Liszt's orchestral works have been heard and condemned by almost every qualified judge in this country, and, so far as the mass of our melody-loving countrymen are concerned, they have no chance of acceptance. He will always be admired as a marvellous pianist, and as the writer of capital 'transcriptions,' and of such charming trifles, as his 'Ronde des Lutins,' but at present he has achieved nothing which entitles him to a place among great composers. He should confine himself to the manufacture of piafforte solos. 'Little boats should keep near the shore.' His little barque is safe while he keeps within sight of the familiar coast-line of transcriptions and other minor works, but inevitably founders when he ventures out on that great ocean of music which was triumphantly navigated by the Beethoven whom he and his school affect to patronise, and the Mendelssohn whom they despise."

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

At the Crystal Palace Concert given on Saturday last, Herr Joachim was the chief attraction, and his first solo was the new violin concerto by Herr Brahms. We have on former occasions expressed our belief that Brahms has done little to warrant the estimation in which he is held by his admirers, and the new violin concerto—played as it was by Joachim in masterly style—presents little to change this opinion. It would, however, be unfair to judge so important a work on a single hearing, and we defer further remark respecting it until after Thursday next, when it will be played by Herr Joachim at the third concert of the Philharmonic Society. The great violinist's admirable phrasing and power of expression were admirably manifested in an Adagio by Viotti. The programme also included the wonderful "Leonora" overture, No. 3, by Beethoven, Schumann's symphony in B flat, No. 1, and Johann Svendsen's third "Norwegian Rhapsody" for orchestra. A débutante, Miss Annie Marriott, in Mendelssohn's "Infelice," made a highly favourably impression, and Mr. Santley's finished art found scope in Gounod's "Song of Valence" (*Philemon et Baucis*) and other vocal works.

The first concert this season of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir was given on Thursday last at St. James's Hall, too late for notice this week. The programme was rendered specially interesting by the inclusion of the pieces sung by the Leslie Choir at the recent Paris Exhibition (where they gained the only Grand Prix awarded to choirs of mixed voices), and the "Symphonie Religieuse," composed by M. Ducondray as a test-piece for all competing choirs at the Exhibition. The composer conducted the symphony, and had previously made two journeys from Paris in order to conduct four rehearsals. We hope to give a full notice of this concert next week.

The Sacred Harmonic Society last night performed Spohr's oratorio, *The Last Judgment*, and Mozart's Twelfth Mass—too late for notice this week. As we were the first to draw attention to the absurdity of announcing Mozart's Mass as a "Service, by Mozart," we are glad to recognise the good sense shown by the Sacred Harmonic Society in altering their advertisements announcing Mozart's great work under its proper appellation, as "Mozart's Twelfth Mass."

A series of Saturday Popular Concerts, to be given on the first Saturday in every month, has been organised by Mr. Lehmeier, assisted by able vocal and instrumental artists. At each concert the first part of the programme will be devoted to the great masters, and at the second concert, to be given this evening, Handel and Haydn will be selected for illustration. The idea is a good one, and as the cost of admission is moderate, these "Saturday Popular Concerts" are not unlikely to succeed.

At the Monday Popular Concert on Monday next the instrumentalists will be Miss Zimmerman, MM. Joachim, Ries, Zerbini, Burnett, and Piatti; vocalist, Herr Henschel; conductor, Sir Julius Benedict.

The London Ballad Concerts—interrupted on Wednesday last by the pious regulations which on Ash Wednesdays forbid the performance of music in St. James's Hall, but leave the music-halls undisturbed—will be resumed on Wednesday next, when Madame Antoinette Stirling, MM. Sims Reeves, Lloyd, and Santley, and other popular artists are announced to appear.

Une Marquise dans les Rues, a new operetta by M. Hervé, has been successfully produced at the Bouffes Parisiens. The chief rôle is played by Mlle. Berrati, a young lady who sang with great success at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts four or five years ago, and whose portrait will be found in one of our early numbers. In the same piece a great success was made by Miss Kate Monroe, long a popular opéra-bouffe artiste in London. The Paris journals speak in warm praise of M. Hervé's fresh and melodious music.

A novelty in the programme of Madame Selina Dolaro's ensuing season at the Folly Theatre will be a three-act comic opera by a celebrated French composer.

Madame Rose Hersee's numerous professional friends will be glad to learn that letters have just been received, in which she announces her safe arrival at Cape de Verde, February 6th. Temperature 84° in the shade.

Miss Julia Gaylord, whose impersonation of Micaëla in *Carmen* has been universally applauded, is likely to be the successor of Madame Dolaro in the rôle of Carmen during the provincial tour of the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE HON. MISS STAPLETON-COTTON.

WE continue our series of "Ladies Celebrated in the Hunting Field" with a portrait of the Hon. Miss Stapleton-Cotton, the mention of whose name will call up many pleasant incidents of good runs with the Cheshire hounds and with Sir Watkin Wynn's; while perhaps some members of the North Staffordshire and North Shropshire Hunts will be reminded of a young lady, remarkably well mounted, whom they saw at the beginning of a run, of whom they caught an occasional glimpse while the first few fields were being crossed, but of whom they saw no more after the first few minutes, unless they went straight, and, moreover at a good pace.

In commenting upon the Hon. Mrs. Herbert of Muckross, we ventured to suggest that her indomitable courage was an inheritance from the great Lord Keane of Ghuznee, her grandfather. Miss Stapleton-Cotton's grandfather was also a famous soldier, second in command to the Duke of Wellington at Salamanca, and during part of the Peninsular War Commander-in-Chief of the cavalry; and, we may add, her brother is on the point of starting to join our troops at the Cape. Of the first Lord Combermere's services at Bhurtpore history is eloquent; and his lordship's grand-daughter retains the mental characteristics of the noble soldier who won his peerage at the point of his sword. A few years ago, whenever the Cheshire Hounds were running their hardest, over whatever country, the chances were about 10 to 1 that Miss Stapleton-Cotton, if out, would be in the same field with them, on Crown Prince or Confessor. During four seasons the latter horse carried her splendidly, and a rider better able to do justice to a good horse would be, to say the least of it, very hard to find. Horses will age, however, and to the pace Miss Stapleton-Cotton is accustomed to travel over a country, the best horse must in time succumb, or at any rate grow unequal to the demands made upon him. Confessor no more carries his mistress, for Cheapside and Mainchance have supplanted him, if not in their mistress's regard, in the duty of carrying her in the fore of the fray. What those gallant steeds are doing at the time of writing, while this cruel weather lasts, is a question too painful for speculation; but last season, in Cheshire, which is described as the very best ever known there, they showed that they were worthy to carry one who takes the highest rank in the list of ladies celebrated in the hunting-field. One thing must be added, however. Because a horse goes well with Miss Stapleton-Cotton it by no means follows that it will suit its next rider equally well, for her marvellously skilful hands work wonders. Her mounts invariably seem to go so easily and with such an entire absence of fuss and excitement. If they could only get such horses as hers, envious rivals think, there would be no difficulty in crossing a country in similar style. But wait until a comparatively clumsy hand is on the reins; the whole situation is at once changed; and, speaking by comparison, there are few of the best lady-riders whose hands are not clumsy. It is not that the horses she rides are always perfect hunters, but that her control, at once firm, gentle, and patient, makes them seem so while the accomplished horsewoman is on their backs.

THE LATE MR. JOHN CLARKE.

Death has been fearfully busy amongst us of late; and in every phase of public life the keen, swift scythe has been sweeping down friends, companions, and associates. Amongst the gaps made most conspicuous is that which puts in the place of frolic, sport, and chorused laughter a void so terribly blank and silent as that which is where John Clarke was. Playgoers will long retain lively recollections of his person and performances, of that exuberant humour which delighted us in farce and burlesque, and that more solid histrionic work which, coming later, gave him a higher place in the critic's estimation as an actor of genuine power. Mr. Clarke commenced his career as a profligate and painter of miniatures, but unfortunately did so at a time when the introduction of Daguerre's wonderful invention for taking likenesses by light had already diverted public patronage from miniatures to daguerreotypes. Like many others, he strove in vain to stem the new discovery's tide of innovation and improvement. One by one the poor little mahogany and rosewood cases, with their elaborately stippled, smirking faces, in ormolu frames, mounted on velvet, either disappeared, or took to exhibiting the cold metallic gleam of colourless daguerreotypes. Amongst the latter was Mr. John Clarke's, although the change hit not his liking; amongst the former, his then near neighbour's, the present writer's. The one sought better fortune in the adventurous life of a strolling artist, wandering, with his little case of pencil sketches, profile shades, and ivory miniatures, from town to town throughout the provinces; the other took to the stage, on which he had already achieved some repute as a clever amateur performer.

Mr. Clarke made his first professional appearance in London at the Strand Theatre in January, 1852, under the management of Mr. Allcroft, making his débüt as Master Toby in *Civilisation*. He was in a large degree successful, but, feeling the want of that close training and varied experience which a country theatre provides, at the close of the season he went into the provinces for a few months as a "general utility" actor. In October, 1852, he reappeared in London at Drury Lane Theatre, where on the 7th of that month he appeared as Fathom in *The Hunchback*. At the close of his engagement—which was one of a few nights only—he returned to the Strand Theatre (then called "Punch's Playhouse"), where he commenced an engagement as Wee in *Married Daughters and Young Husbands*. The part is one of comparative unimportance, but the skill of the player gave it prominence, and determined those successive upward steps by which he soon after secured a stable position. He made his first appearance in burlesque as "Ikey" in Mr. Leicester Buckingham's travesty of *Belphegor* (produced in September, 1850), which was followed by his greater hit as Gesler in the travesty of *William Tell*; and about the same time he assumed a dominant power in farce, one of his earliest impersonations in which was Quill, in *Don't Lend your Umbrella*. He played in pantomime for the first time at Christmas, 1857, at Drury Lane Theatre. When the Strand Theatre that year passed into the hands of Miss Swanborough, his absence from its boards was so evidently regretted by the frequenters of the newly renovated and improved house that the manageress wisely made prompt overtures for his return, which took place in September, 1858, when the welcome accorded him was one of the most demonstrative and enthusiastic that ever made an actor's heart beat high with gratified and grateful feelings. This was the commencement of an unusually long and prosperous engagement, during which he completely won the hearts of the Strand audiences. Never was a player more popular or more vigorously applauded than was "Little Johnny Clarke," as he was affectionately termed in the old days of the Strand under Miss Swanborough. As a grotesque dancer and singer he was irresistibly funny; his talent in "making up" has

never been surpassed. His more recent stage career will be within the recollection of most of our readers. At the Adelphi, Olympic, the Prince of Wales, and the Criterion theatres, the laurels he won are still fresh in our memories. He married, in 1873, Miss Teresa Furtado, whose loss, at the early age of 32, he has never ceased to mourn. From the date of her death, August 9th, 1877, his health gradually declined, and on Thursday week, at half-past eight in the morning, he expired. He was about fifty years of age, and the cause of his decease was consumption.

THE LATE JOHN PARRY.

THOSE who remember John Parry in all the glory of his inimitable mimicry and humour, as he was when Mendelssohn loved to listen to him, and Ciopin laughed at his whimsical parodies and travesties until his sides ached, will not readily forget either the man, his singing, or his varied personations. Comic songs were really comic when he sang them, full of subtle touches of humour and character, and sly meaning, not mere coarse vulgar buffoonery such as music-halls have rendered familiar and—alas! that we should add it—popular. There was nothing of the “lion comique” about the late John Parry, who invented his entertainments, composed their music, and to the songs he wrote and sang, played his own accompaniments.

Mr. John Orlando Parry was born in London in 1810. His father, after whom he was named, was for many years honorary treasurer of the Royal Society of Musicians, and was also a popular composer of ballad and dramatic music. To him he owed his first lessons in instrumental music and singing. He made his *début* as a vocalist at the Hanover Square Rooms, in May 1830, when the critics pronounced his voice a rich but not powerful baritone, and his rendering of “Arm, arm, ye brave” a decided success. He pursued his musical studies under Sir George Smart in England and under Lablache at Naples, singing also in public on various occasions both at home and in Italy. It was in the latter country that his richly comic musical imitations first attracted attention, creating a wonderful degree of excitement and amusement in musical and fashionable circles.

Mr. Parry made his first appearance on the London stage at the St. James's Theatre, September 29th, 1836, on which occasion the late Charles Dickens made his first appearance as a writer for the stage. The *Athenaeum* of that date noting the evening's novelties introduced on this occasion said, “One by that clever author, ‘Boz,’ was highly successful, one more moderately so in which Mr. Harley had the principal character, and one most moderately so in which Mr. Parry, junr., made his first appearance on any stage,” the latter statement being not exactly correct—inasmuch as Mr. Parry had walked the boards at Posillipo in the beautiful theatre of the famous Barbaja, and those of the great San Carlos Theatre at Naples, where he played in a burlesque burletta for the benefit of Sanvarola.

In the following November, Poole's farce, *Delicate Attentions*, was produced at the St. James's, and in it Mr. Parry personated a fop, with, however, little or no success. This was followed by the second dramatic effort of the late Charles Dickens, whose “*Pickwick*” was then delighting the town. It was an operatic burletta—a species of production then in immense request—called *The Village Coquettes*, with music by Hullah. The *Athenaeum* described the new burletta as “weak and languid throughout,” adding, “it crawls as if it were some half-torpid snake across and across the stage, stopping now and then to listen to the music until it has completed its distance; the strongest sign of life it ever evinces being just as one thinks it about to lie down and go to sleep, when it raises its head and spits a good bit of comic fire from its mouth, rattles its tail, and wakes up the audience to laughter.” Braham played the leading part, and Mr. Parry, although his singing was admired, again failed to win histrionic laurels. In the previous month of July he had taken his first benefit concert at the Hanover-square Rooms, on which occasion Malibran sang, her terms at that time being 20 guineas. On the evening, at her own request, she gave in addition to her advertised songs, Mazzinghi's lively duet, “When a little farm we keep,” which had been often sung by her and John Parry at Naples, which was repeatedly encored. When John Parry called upon her next morning with the twenty pound note in payment for her services, Malibran took it, and then seizing him by the hand and returning it, exclaimed in her own energetic way, “Take that as my mite for you to commence life with, I have passed many happy hours and merry moments with you in Naples. Prosperity attend you. God bless you, John Parry.”

John Parry was then a newly married man, his wife being an accomplished young lady, the daughter of a physician, and the generous gift was doubtless a very acceptable one.

The natural result of so little success as an actor contrasted with his greater success as a vocalist was the abandonment of the stage for the concert room. He started with Sivori, Liszt, Thalberg, and others, to give a series of concerts in the provinces. It was during this tour that his fame as a *buffo* vocalist began to grow, and in 1842 we find him singing pieces written expressly for him, some of which were from the pen of Albert Smith, in which were introduced those features for which his entertainments were afterwards so long popular, specially fitted as they were for the display of his peculiar talents and varied accomplishments. The skill with which he varied his voice, and the styles of his singing, hit off and caricatured such common peculiarities of habit, affection, and character as were domestically familiar to all classes, and here and there slyly gave quaint sharp touches, which were half satire and half humour, were indeed most enjoyable, while his rapid changes of costume and “make up” and his bold brilliant piano-forte playing were not less attractive. In 1853 ill-health compelled him to retire for awhile from professional duties, on which occasion the papers were full of graceful laudation of his genius and the most sincere regret for his departure. On his recovery he joined Mr. and Mrs. German Reed at the Gallery of Illustration in Regent-street, where for so many years he remained night after night the delight of crowded audiences. But alas! these things are of the past, and of John Parry, with all who strut and fret their little hour upon the stage and then are heard no more, it may be said *stat nominis umbra*.

Mr. Parry retired from public life in June, 1869, when he received a complimentary benefit at the Lyceum Theatre. A second benefit performance was given for him on Feb. 7th, 1877, at the Gaiety Theatre, on which occasion a brilliant and crowded audience showed how keenly appreciated still were the memories of his prime. Being reduced to poverty by the defalcations of a solicitor to whom he had entrusted the management of his money, the blow so seriously affected him that in the opinion of his friends, to it his death may fairly be attributed.

“REDUCED TO A MATCH.”

The handicap has been made and discussed, the acceptances have been duly published. Possibly few owners consider that their horses have been dealt with too lightly; probably many have protested that it is a cruel shame, and are ready to show, as it seems to them conclusively, that their animals are handicapped clean out of the race: it may be that some who have been arranging a clever little plant have not succeeded in hoodwinking the handicapper, and discover that it is not likely to come off this time. The “tip” has circulated freely. The friends of several

of the horses are bent upon proving that this race is the best thing ever known—a certainty of the most unmistakable description. More than one commission has been worked, and young Tom Smithers, who has freely patronised the music-hall till all his available wealth and all that he can borrow has disappeared, has helped himself to a tenner from the master's till. At the Cave of Harmony he has heard that the Squire cannot lose, and so he has taken the odds, 15 to 1, and is calculating that (having restored the tenner) the £150 will pay off pressing debts, and make him for a time a small hero at the Cave. The day has arrived, the numbers and names of the jockeys are on the telegraph-board. A few kind gentlemen are looking out for raw youths, and having found them, will enter into conversation, give them a tip of the straightest possible description, and most generously take them to a friend who will lay two points over the current odds. Smithers, rather pale about the lips and pasty as to the face, is making tremendous mistakes over his ledgers and day-books, and crediting the Squire with £150 in a vague and aimless way, which will seriously perplex the head clerk presently, when he comes to check the account. The names of the winners will be exhibited in the windows of the sporting papers in Fleet-street, and Smithers, instead of thinking about his work, is once more going over the arguments *pro* and *con*, the result of which is to prove that there can be no doubt about the Squire's success; but he is nervous withal now that the time draws near. Were he at the course over which the Fencingley Handicap Steeplechase is run, he would see the gallant grey jump the hurdle nearly opposite the stand in capital form, and his hopes would revive; but he would look unhappy—if he knew anything of horses, which, however, he does not—at the noble proportions and superb condition of an outsider named Hengist, and he would be painfully aware that the Comet, favourite for the chase, was an awkward opponent over this course. He would see them start and go once round, and would be overjoyed to find that the Squire looked as well as anything, and that concerning his power of fencing there could be no question. They would presently be lost to sight, and when they appeared again he would note that there were only four in it, one having refused the last fence but two. He would hear a roar to proclaim that something had broken down. What is it? Not the Squire? No! An old crock named Butterfly, and her jockey has dismounted at once to lead her in. Here come the other three in a group to the last fence but one. “Hengist!” “Comet!” “The Squire wins!” poor Smithers would hear, and perhaps it is as well he should be absent, for the excitement would be a severe shock to weak nerves shattered by music-hall champagne. Here they are at the last fence. “The Squire wins!” What's that? One down? It is. The Squire was too much pumped to clear the made-up fence; he catches a hind leg in the rail, lands on his head, over which his jockey flies. The race is reduced to a match. Comet, which has been another hot tip, is beaten in the last few strides by the outsider, Hengist. The news will speed along the wires to town: “Hengist, 1; Comet, 2. Nothing else passed the post.” Smithers will, if he escape detection, try another straight tip, which in all probability will not be straight enough to lead to fortune, and on his ultimate destiny we will not speculate.

RAPIER.

THE SPARTAN HARRIERS.

Despite the fact that the course used by this club was covered with several inches of snow on Saturday afternoon, no less than 29 lovers of paperchasing turned up at the head-quarters of the pack at Edmonton, and competed for the five prizes that were offered for a five and a half miles steeplechase handicap. A start was effected at four o'clock, the following being the results:—G. E. Stanley, Hampstead Harriers (3min 30sec start), 1; H. Hardy, Blackheath Harriers (4min 2sec), 2; M. Smith, Spartan Harriers (50sec), 3; G. T. Mawby, Spartan Harriers (scratch), 4; S. Hirst, Blackheath Harriers (2min 40sec), 5; G. Pescod, Clapton Beagles (2min 40sec), 6; C. F. Turner, Spartan Harriers (25sec), 0; W. M. Coulson, South London Harriers (1min), 0; G. F. Hobson, Spartan Harriers (1min 40sec), 0; W. A. Tyler, Spartan Harriers (1min), 0; B. Smith, Thames Hare and Hounds (35sec), 0; T. H. Woodford, Hampstead Harriers (35sec), 0; S. J. Tailby, Spartan Harriers (1min), 0; J. W. Davey, South London Harriers (3min 15sec), 0; H. J. Meyer, Blackheath Harriers (1min 20sec), 0; C. Iravies, Spartan Harriers (1min 40sec), 0; F. W. Firminger, Blackheath Harriers (2min 50sec), 0; C. H. Larette, Spartan Harriers (1min 20sec), 0; J. C. Laurence, Thames Hare and Hounds (1min 55sec), 0; H. Stafford, South London Harriers (3min 30sec), 0; S. A. Rowbotham, Spartan Harriers (3min 50sec), 0; W. Green, Hampstead Harriers (2min), 0; T. R. Sachs, Thames Hare and Hounds (3min 45sec), 0; J. O. Dicker, Spartan Harriers (4min 10sec), 0; R. Coombes, Hampton Court Hare and Hounds (4min 10sec), 0; A. H. Bingham, Spartan Harriers (4min 10sec), 0; T. Simmonds, South London Harriers (4min 20sec), 0; J. E. Hoit, Spartan Harriers (4min 50sec), 0; R. S. Oliver, Spartan Harriers (5min 15sec), 0. The limit-man retained his lead for a mile and a half, when he was passed by Hardy and Stanley, who raced together till approaching home, when the latter drew and managed to win by rather more than a hundred yards. Ratherless separated the second and third and third and fourth men; whilst Hirst was a good fifth.

WILD SPORTS IN RUSSIA—ELK SHOOTING.

The season for shooting the largest of our wild game—the elk—is in November and December. Our method of hunting it is, in fact, a sort of *battue*; only in this case we never beat on the mere chance of finding game. It is the keeper's business to keep a sharp look-out for elk tracks, and as he has, or ought to have, a fair knowledge of the habits of the creatures, he should tell, when he sees them, whether they lead in the direction of a spot in which a half of any length is likely to be made. If he thinks the chances in favour of the elk having stopped to feed and sleep, he makes “a ring”—that is, he makes a circuit of some two or three miles round the place—and if he does not cross the tracks again, he of course concludes that the animals are within the ring. Word is then sent to the sportsmen, who come down, so far as my experience goes, commonly a day too late, for these nomadic beasts will often have removed their quarters, and sought fresh fields and pastures new. Supposing, however, that they have obligingly remained within the ring, and that they wait to be fairly surrounded and driven out by the beaters, it is surprising how often an elk-battue turns out a failure. In the thick woods, even when he comes well within range, trees and branches frequently intercept the bullets, and the brute gets away unharmed, and it is wonderful how often this, our largest of European wild animals, is absolutely missed! One may repeatedly take part in elk hunts without ever getting a chance of a shot. I must admit that my own successes in this direction—though I have been many times out—have not been brilliant. Yet when you are successful an elk is an animal worth the killing; rather, however, for the noble trophies of his skin and antlers than for his flesh. That of a full-grown elk is coarse to a degree, and, as a rule, you make a present of it to the peasants. Still, a saddle from a two-year-old calf is not bad, and eats something like beef with a venison flavour.

The Elk is sometimes hunted by other than human hunters. Wolves will pursue it for miles, and although having a greater aptitude of travelling over slippery surfaces it will often escape

its pursuers, under circumstances less favourable it is sometimes overtaken and brought to bay, when it defends itself with wonderful fierceness, activity, and vigour.

E. H.

AN ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

The last conversazione of the Artists and Amateurs was held at the gallery of the Old Water-colour Society, Pall-mall, on the evening of Feb. 18th. The rooms were hung with some hundreds of choice works of art, mostly water-colours, besides which portfolios were placed round the rooms filled with some very *recherche* sketches. This society gives four conversazioni annually to its members, which are generally composed of critics and men of distinction in connection with art.

CARNIVAL AT ROME.

Our illustration represents the Carnival in Rome. On the last day of this *fête* all the occupants of the balconies and the windows in the Corso, who have been amusing themselves by throwing quantities of bouquets, bon-bons, &c., at each other, light small wax-candles, which are called “moccoli.” Everybody tries to extinguish the moccoli of his neighbour, in which endeavour handkerchiefs, hats, &c., are liberally used. Some of the pedestrians employ long sticks, on which are fastened brooms or handkerchiefs, for the purpose of putting out the candles on the first floor, and the occupants of the second adopt the same warfare against the first. This sport occasions shouts of laughter from one end of the Corso to the other. In no other country in the world is such a sight to be seen. The crowd is good-tempered and orderly. All classes mix together on these occasions, and not an unpleasant word passes between them. Prince Humbert and his wife were in a balcony with their suite. The Prince is very fond of the Carnival, and does not miss one day, always casting among the crowd large quantities of “confetti.” The crowd throws magnificent bouquets at the prince, who appears well pleased with the fun. At last, at seven o'clock, a cannon is fired, the candles are put out, and the crowd hurries on to the Plaza del Popolo. Close to the Hotel de Russie the Carnival is interred. The Pincio is illuminated with Brûlé fire, and everybody at last gets home when and how he can.

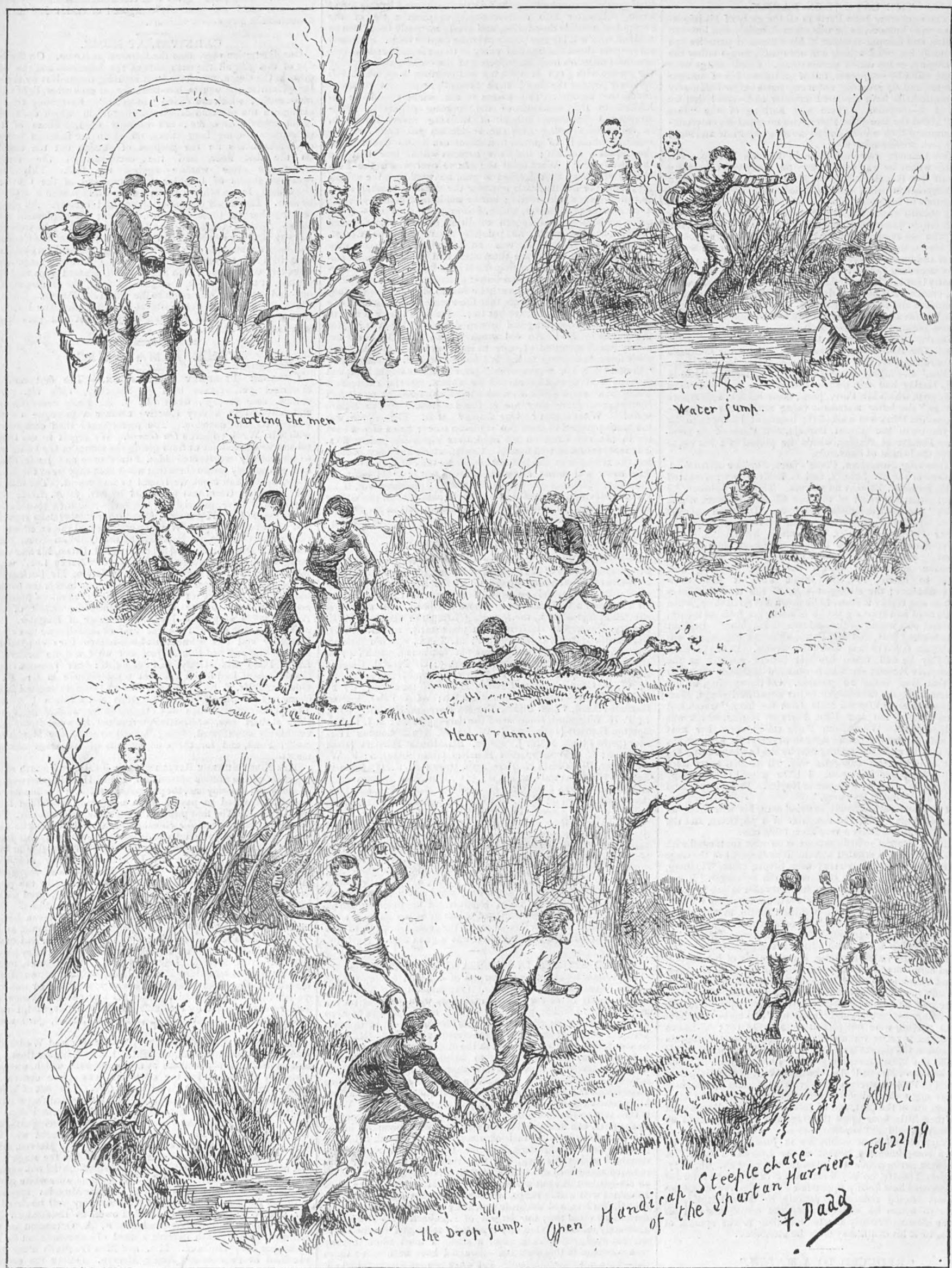
THE AMATEURS.

CHEADLE LITERARY INSTITUTION.—The first amateur theatrical performance held on Saturday, 15th ult. The curtain rose at 7.30, when Mr. J. A. Leefe came forward and delivered in a very effective manner a prologue cleverly written for this occasion. The performance then commenced with Mr. W. S. Gilbert's *On Guard*. We regret to say that a solemn vow precludes us from giving the names of the ladies who so charmingly represented Mrs. Fitzosborne and Jessie Blake, and we can only assure them that when next they tread the mimic stage, by hook or crook we intend to be present. The difficult part of Denis Grant was portrayed by Mr. J. A. Leefe with dignity and force, especially in the love scene with Jessie. Mr. R. J. Udall (Tony Kavanagh), Mr. Arthur Poole (Baby Boodle), and Mr. Frank Lee (Guy Warrington) repeated the excellent impersonations they gave last year at the Chorlton Town Hall; whilst Mr. Dunnill resumed his old part of Druce, his fine voice being heard to advantage in the song of “Nancy Lee,” which was, however, a most unjustifiable interpolation. Mr. Buckstone's comic drama, *A Rough Diamond* followed, an in this the natural humour and vivacity of Miss—(we beg pardon) as Margery, and the comic stolidity and pure Lancashire dialect of Mr. Arthur Poole as Cousin Joe, caused roars of laughter. We understand that this was not the first or second time this clever little lady and the gentleman above-named have enacted the parts of Margery and Cousin Joe, and we can quite believe it. Lady Plato was stately and dignified: her pompous and grandiloquent lord found a capital representative in Mr. R. J. Udall, and Mr. F. Elkington and Mr. F. Lee ably assisted in the characters of Sir William Evergreen and Captain Blenheim. The performance, which was originated by a local gentleman (Mr. Robert Lee, of Didsbury), resulted in a handsome sum, voluntarily contributed, being handed over to the Manchester Relief Fund, and for the completeness of the stage arrangements.

THE FIRST SURREY RIFLES gave their third and fourth entertainment of the present season at the Drill Hall, Camberwell, on Monday and Tuesday last, the proceeds of which, it was announced, would be devoted to paying for a new stage which has lately been erected. The first piece on the programme was Mr. Tom Taylor's comedietta, *Nine Points of the Law*, in which the principal character of Joseph Ironside was sustained by Lieut. Fourdrinier, who played naturally, but was somewhat wanting in force and animation. In Mr. H. J. Byron's comedy of *Weak Woman*, which followed, Lieut. Fourdrinier's impersonation of Captain Ginger was by far the best acting in the piece. He had evidently carefully studied the part, and played with a skill and finish which is seldom attained by amateurs. His “make-up” too was admirable, which is more than can be said for most of the other actors. Private Petley, for example, as Dr. Fleming, looked like a boy of 14 with a white wig on, and such a wig! In justice, however, we must say that Private Petley played better than he looked. Private Sarjeant, as Fanshawe, in the first act looked something like a wild Indian, but appeared with his natural face in the second. As the young traveller was supposed only to have shaved and had his hair cut, the change was rather a startling one for the audience. Messrs. Sergeant, Birney, and Baxter; Misses Weber, Bell, and O'Connor, gave useful assistance.

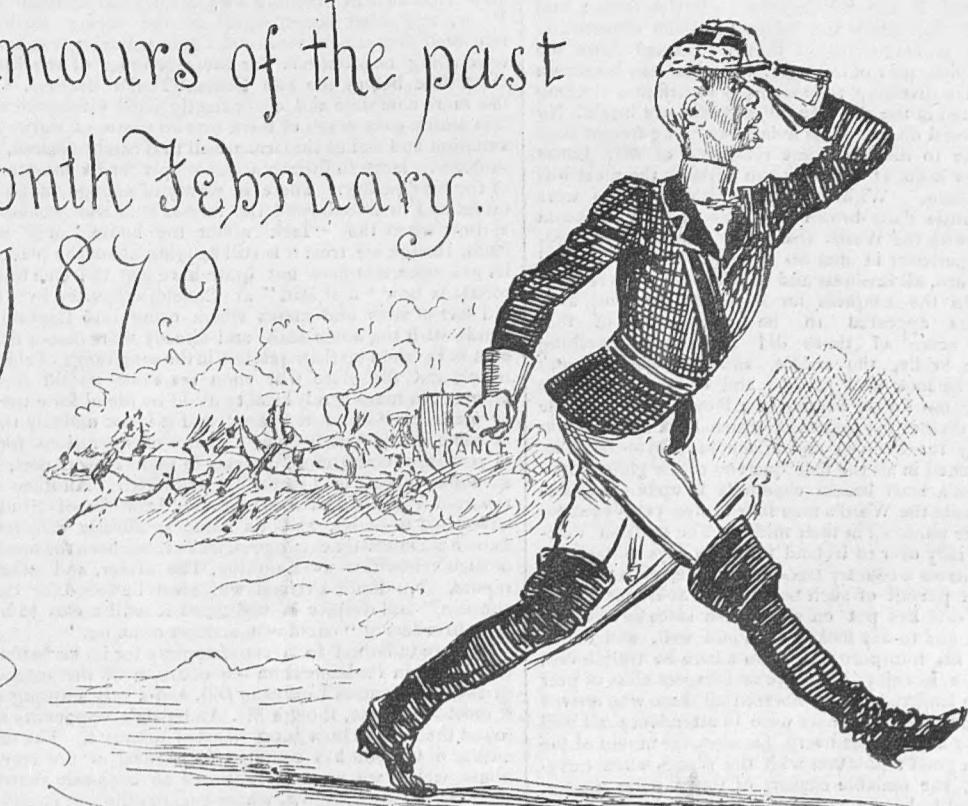
ATHENÆUM, CAMDEN TOWN.—On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings last week the Carlton Hill Cricket Club gave their 13th annual dramatic performance at the above hall, which was very tastefully decorated for the occasion. The piece chosen for performance was Byron's *Partners for Life*. The part of Gilroy and Fanny Smith were most ably, and on the lady's part very prettily, pourtrayed by Mr. Edmund Routledge and Miss C. Lewis, both of whom had evidently well studied their parts, and to whom most of the success of the entertainment was undoubtedly due. Mr. Millett did his part of Mr. Mervyn fairly well, but his frequent promenades up and down the stage were out of place. Mr. Lovell Phillips as the confidential old servant was good, but we were not aware that servants wore white gloves all day; even directly after waiting at table Muggles appeared with his gloves. The part of Ernest was very well rendered by Mr. Geo. Wadley, jun. Mr. D. T. Powell as Drelincourt, Mr. G. C. Rayner as the Major, and Mr. F. A. Oetzmann as the returned convict, each deserve a word of commendation for the assistance they rendered. Mrs. and Miss De Solla were both excellent as Priscilla and Emily Mervyn. During the evening an amateur orchestra under the direction of Mr. C. H. Dickenson performed a selection of music.

Miss Nellie Phillips is engaged for the part of Esther Summerson for Miss Jennie Lee's provincial tour with the celebrated play *Fra Diavolo*. When Gaiety audiences are tired of *Fra Diavolo*, a new burlesque, on a subject upon which Mr. H. J. Byron has already tried his hand with much success, will be ready for this most popular house.



Humours of the past Month February.

1879



— the Earl takes up the ribbons
once more —

the Marshal gets into a temper and
throws them down



"Weston's Walk"



Old Drury falls at last by Pantomime

Grand Allegorical representation of
the Weather this Month—
Bright Sheba's nowhere —
B. Stretcher
1879.

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA IN IRELAND.

WE borrow the following from the correspondent of an Irish journal:-

In time we arrived at the trysting-place, Batterstown; and here there was the usual bustle and confusion which characterise all such arrivals. A long string of horses streamed down the platform from the first part of the train, and then the horsemen were busy behind in divesting themselves of superfluous clothing before they appeared in the pig-skin, all newness and bright. No sooner had the special disgorged its living, breathing freight than a move was made to the handsome residence of Mr. James Thunder, on whose lawn, at Parsonstown House, the meet was arranged to take place. Without, the finishing touches were being put on the little dark brown that was to carry a Royal mistress in safety with the Wards that day. Mr. E. M'Donald, whose skill and experience in matters equine is known far and near, was in the yard, all fussiness and anxiety. He was responsible that day to the Empress for a proper turn-out, and, truth to tell, he appeared to be all aware of that same fact. A score of times did he throw searching glances over the bridle, the saddle, and the girths; and equally often did he look well pleased and contented with the preparation of Domino for the bearing of a Royal personage the first time across a district the praises of which have been sung in prose and verse by the beloved and lamented Whyte-Melville, across a district famed in all the four quarters of the globe whenever a hunting-horn's blast breaks cheerfully in upon the morning's quiet. It made the Ward's men four or five years younger to see Earl Spencer mounted in their midst. The ex-Irish Vice-roy had come specially over to Ireland for a few days to the sport he loved so well, across a country trodden by his cattle a hundred times before in hot pursuit of such noted stags as Boyne Water and Kilrue. The earl has put on some flesh since he last rode the Ward country, and to-day looked fresh and well, and only a little the worse of his transportation from a land he truly loved, and where in return, he enjoyed the love and respect alike of peer and peasant. The Imperial party embraced all those who arrived upon Saturday, and several servants were in attendance, all well horsed, and wearing a handsome livery. Domino, the mount of the Empress, earned a good reputation with the Wards when carrying Mrs. Morrogh, the amiable consort of the popular master, and he is considered to be one of the cleverest hunters over the Ward country. All being now in readiness, her Imperial Majesty mounted opposite the hall door, and I presume exacting lady readers will expect that I should say something of this Queen's hunting attire. Well, as far as my inexperienced eye could detect, her Majesty wore a very tight-fitting habit of a very dark greyish melton cloth, the skirt of which was extremely narrow. The habit was fastened with buttons of silver, on which were the Imperial arms. A stand-up all-round collar and a simple tie-bow of black silk completed her apparel, whilst she rode in a tall silk hat. She wore her hair in plain plaits behind, one encircling the other. Her hands were encased in tan-coloured gloves, and over these her Majesty wore chocolate-coloured knitted mittens. Her Majesty chatted freely with the gentlemen around her, and entered into an animated conversation with Mr. Morrogh, Captain Middleton (who had been chartered to act as pilot-engine), and Earl Spencer. As the cavalcade withdrew from the lawn, her Majesty, Mr. Morrogh, and Captain Middleton led the way, and then followed a lengthened string of horsemen and a few carriages. A short jog along the Dunshaughlin-road brought the party to the Poorhouse Gate, and, turning up the road to the right, a move was made through a narrow grass-covered laneway to Mr. Mulvany's land, where the enlargement had taken place ten minutes previously under the direction of Mr. Turbett. On the word "Go!" being given the Empress tightened rein with the hand of an adept, and, with Mr. Morrogh and Captain Middleton, at once on starting took a rather wide track of the way the hounds went, keeping well to the right, whilst the great crowd of the hunters went straight away from the place of enlargement. The pace was now no more than a nice hunting one, but it improved in every field. The stag, one of the Knowsley lot, made straight away for Lagore bog, and crossed it, heading for the Poorhouse Gorse, crossing the high road at the Dunshaughlin side of the Poorhouse. The stag then went on straight as an arrow for Batterstown, where he crossed the railway, after clearing which he proceeded by the large enclosure of Cultrunup to the Hatchet, where there was a momentary check—not unwelcome to many. The pace, as I have said, improved as the blood grew warmer; but the Empress, riding with wonderful pluck, kept her position bravely, and though in the deep going she one time dropped back a bit, she fought her way determinedly into the front rank, taking all her fences at a smart pace and climbing none of them. She astounded most of those in the hunt, and more than sustained the reputation which she enjoys of being one of the straightest women across country that ever raised a flail. From the Hatchet the stag appeared to make for Captain Tuthill's residence at Moyglare, and then on towards the town of Maynooth, where a most brilliant run concluded. The Empress was always in the front rank, riding with a rather loose rein, but she was on a horse which does not know how to put a foot astray, and I expect to find Domino carrying her Majesty very frequently during the next few weeks. The country was a trifle holding after the recent rains, but, everything considered, the run was one which is likely to be pleasantly treasured amongst the good days the illustrious lady has enjoyed in the saddle. The Empress struck me as having a magnificent seat—grace and easy to elegance, whilst her hands are as fine as any that ever held the reins. Her Majesty was somewhat astonished at a few of the impediments that crossed her track; but the faithful Domino never even dwelt, and performed his part of the day's doings in a manner that well pleased his distinguished burden of 10st 2lb, which is her Majesty's exact riding weight.

CHILBLAINS.—Instant relief and cure by using "Dredge's Heal All." Of all chemists, 1s. 1d. a bottle.—[ADVT.]

EAU FIGARO.—The last scientific discovery for restoring faded and grey hair to its original colour. Cleansing, Harmless, Colourless. To prove that this is "bona-fide," if a sample of hair be sent before purchase of the preparation, stating original colour, the same will be returned completely restored. Prices 5s. and 6s. per bottle. Full particulars will be sent on application to the French Hygienic Society, 40, Haymarket, S.W.—ADVT.

SOZODONT.—The peerless liquid Dentifrice; its use imparts the most fragrant breath; it beautifies, cleanses, and preserves the teeth in a surprising manner. It gives a delightfully fresh taste and feeling to the mouth, removing all Tartar and Scurf from the Teeth, completely arresting the progress of decay, and whitening such parts as have already become black by decay or neglect. Impure breath caused by Bad Teeth, Tobacco, Spirits, or cattarrh is neutralised by Sozodont. The price of the Fragrant Sozodont is 3s. 6d., put up in large bottles, fitted with patent sprinklers for applying the liquid to the tooth-brush. Each bottle is enclosed in a handsome toilet box. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, and by JOHN M. RICHARDS, Great Russell-street, London. Observe the Name SOZODONT on the label, box, and bottle.—[ADVT.]

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as KRATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. One Lozenge alone gives ease, one or two at bed time ensures rest. For relieving difficulty of breathing they are invaluable. They contain no opium nor any violent drug. Sold by all Chemists, in boxes, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. each.—[ADVT.]

TURFIANA.

THE Stud Farm at Enfield, sacred to old Glasgow traditions, and celebrated in breeding lore as the yearling home of Sefton, Peter, and other lesser lights of the racing world, has not remained long untenanted, and Captain Bayley was fortunate in concluding negotiations for the remainder of the lease a very short time before the late General Peel's decease. There are few more complete and conveniently-sized establishments, while it is within easy reach of town by two routes of railway, and the situation and soil of the farm are all that can be desired, while it is sufficiently large to furnish a hay supply for its inmates, and that of the best quality. There is plenty of change of pastures for mares and their foals, and the former stud was broken up just at a time when the "luck about the house" was reasserting itself, though we trust it is still hanging about the place, and that its new occupant may not quite have lost the clue to it. Clansronald is now "first lord" at Enfield, supported by a few of the old sort of sires and mares which came into Captain Bayley's hands with the homestead, and already more than a dozen of his own have taken up their quarters in the snug range of old-fashioned boxes, and the place will soon reassume its old business like aspect. No more handy locality could be found for either stallions or mares to "stand at livery," and it is not unlikely that it may at some future time become a centre of operations for the sale of yearlings, being more accessible than Newmarket, while the accommodation is practically unlimited. Another change is reported from the North, where the Low Street Stud Farm is advertised to be let, and its name is already sufficiently well-known in Doncaster catalogues, while it has been the head-quarters of such celebrities as Lambton, The Miner, and other sires of repute. No doubt a tenant will soon be found for this "going concern," and despite of bad times, it still seems to be a case with breeders of "one down, another come on."

We are indebted to a contemporary for its *verbatim* report of the debate in Parliament on the occasion of the second reading of the Racecourses Licensing Bill, and a very amusing discussion it must have been, though Mr. Anderson's opponents have twice found themselves in a most decided minority. The unfortunate author of the bill has come in for a deal of not very dignified abuse, which we were sorry to see so copiously showered upon the member for Glasgow, whose enemies did not consider it sufficient to oppose the bill on its merits, but indulged in personalities which should always be kept out of sight by impartial critics. Neither Mr. Anderson's connection with unfortunate commercial speculations nor his present position as being unable to meet his liabilities can have the remotest connection with his little bill now in Parliament, which, indeed, was introduced a year or two ago, and long before his business difficulties commenced. Whatever our opinions may be as to the desirability of disestablishing the meetings contemplated by Mr. Anderson and his supporters, we have invariably expressed our objection to the proposed method of purifying the Turf, and we fully agree with those who advocate interference by the Jockey Club in what essentially concerns them most. But now that ample time and opportunity have been afforded them of moving in the matter, and nothing whatever has been done, save indirectly, to abolish such nuisances as metropolitan fixtures, well-wishers of racing must be content to use such weapons as they can get, provided that no unfair means be taken to combat the evil. It is quite evident that many members of Parliament have come to take this view of the case, and we fancy the sporting press will not further the cause they are so eager to champion by throwing dirt at the opposition leaders. One writer, usually sensible and moderate enough, rather contradicts himself when he upholds the continuance of racing in the suburbs rather vehemently, and in the same breath admits that there is too much racing at the present time. If the best process to strengthen the tree of sport be not to lop off weak and useless branches and deformed growths as the first operation, we should like to be informed "how otherwise," as the lawyers say, it is proposed to cut down sport to healthy proportions. The debate amply demonstrated the weakness of the "Anti-Repealers'" cause and its supporters. Bluff Sir John headed the forlorn hope, but his rustic eloquence could only move his hearers to laughter, and the Lincolnshire baronet evidently went through his task out of mere good nature to the "oppressed nationalities" of Streatham and Kingsbury. A new champion was found in Mr. Onslow, who was quite withering in his remarks, and we shall expect to find his name among the stewards of the next metropolitan gathering, for he is as strong in his partisanship for these as was his namesake for the unhappy nobleman now languishing in penal servitude. The debate also brought Sir Charles Legard on his legs, but he did not exhibit in his speech any more "ballast" than he showed himself to be possessed of when under Captain Machell's wing on the Turf. Because certain Grand National winners "performed" at Kingsbury, that is no reason why it is desirable to continue that meeting, but Sir Charles might have told us whether they won there or were only "out for an airing." We shall hear next of the grant of an extra Queen's Plate to Yarmouth, because a Cesarewitch winner had a cut in unsuccessfully at the headquarters of blathers and bribery. Mr. Lowther has such a store of good sense and tact that it must have been pain and grief to him to be compelled to bolster up such a wretched cause; but Sir S. Ibbetson's remarks effectually showed up its utter weakness, and we hope the bill may now pass and be forgotten as speedily as the names of meetings the promoters of which have had the good sense to fly like rats from their sinking ships, which we trust may "never be heard of again."

Encouraged by the success which has attended the institution of racing at Manchester, and at Sandown and Kempton Parks, a similar experiment is now to be tried in the Midlands, close to the town of Wolverhampton, where races have long been held, but lately the old course has been converted to "more useful purposes" by the mayor and corporation. Dunstall Park is, however, within easy distance of the city, and the promoters of a "recreation ground" there have every reason to anticipate extensive patronage, and it is to be hoped they will not overdo the thing, but rest contented with just sufficient racing to sustain the relish for it among the denizens of the "black country." The park is well enclosed on all sides, and with every capability for conversion into a really fine track, while it will not be liable to irruptions by Goths and Vandals whose object is to avoid payment of gate-money. As the promoters very wisely judge, they cannot expect to hold many race or "steeplechase" meetings in the year, and so it is intended to adapt the grounds for sport and pastimes of other kinds, which will doubtless prove attractive to all classes in Wolverhampton. Of the proposed direction of the company all we can say is that they should know how to cater for the taste of their sporting patrons, the Ring, the Press, and the Turf being all worthily represented, so that it will be curious if the programme is not carried out to the satisfaction of all concerned. Great as has been the bluster about interference with the liberty of the subject at the hands of purist legislators, we fancy that the Dunstall Park executive need be under no apprehension of Andersonian persecution, provided, as we said before, racing is not overdone; and there is no doubt that Kingsbury, and such-like places, might now be in enjoyment of their classic *réunions* had they chosen to celebrate them once or twice a year instead of once or twice a month.

The Duke of Newcastle, whose death was recently announced, had well-nigh faded out of racing recollections, and it is some ten years since the violet and white hoops were familiar colours upon every race-card of importance in the kingdom. Of the noble army of plungers, which then led fierce assaults upon the Ring, most have sobered down into steady-going and reasonable members of racing society, but neither poor "Harry Hastings" nor his Grace of Newcastle ever recovered the knock-down blows under which others only winced, and came up smiling once more. Breeders must sigh for the days when these brother-plungers drew up their broughams, like 30-ton guns, to the side of the Sale ring, and prepared to outshoot each other in sensational prices. The Duke of Newcastle began his Turf career under the "direction and management" of that experienced and crafty old warrior, Tom Parr, who never let slip an opportunity of taking in hand desirable turf neophytes, and always kept in stock "outfits" for gentlemen desirous of getting together a stable without the trouble of casting about for implements of gambling. It was at Heath House, however, that the Duke of Newcastle made his first substantial mark as an owner of racehorses, and in Julius he undoubtedly possessed a smart animal, though his lot unfortunately happened to be cast in a year which produced Achievement, Hermit, Marksman, and other opponents of the first water. It cannot be said of the Duke's turf career that "nothing in it became him like the leaving it," and it were best to draw a veil over its closing scenes, now so long since past and gone. "Not wisely, but too well," must be his epitaph, as in the case of many others who have retired "broke" from the game; but it was never said of him that he transgressed the bounds of honour, or wandered into the "shady" side of racing existence. He injured no one besides himself, and if this is only a qualified tribute to his memory, we are pleased to be able to pay it without compunction or fear of contradiction.

The "Brums" were fortunate enough to be able to bring off their "steeplechases," but the sport was not of a very high order, while the weather was simply wretched, and it must be doubtful whether the promoters of the meeting benefited thereby, clashing as it did with the wind-up of the Waterloo Cup gathering at Altcar. As regards the latter event, we have not much to say, but we may be excused for speaking as sportsmen and not as coursing men when we place on record our satisfaction at the great prize having fallen to the "bold yeoman" of Dorsetshire, who bred, trained, and nominated Misterton; while at the same time we are none the less gratified at the fate which befell certain "market dogs," mysteriously worked up till the last moment, none of which had the slightest chance throughout the piece, much to the discomfiture of certain over-clever people who can only go straight by accident, and whose ways are as full of jerks, doubles, and wrenches as a hare's. Would that such tactics always brought similar signal discomfiture upon the wire-pullers and their little game!

A slight impetus has at last been given to speculation, and quite an imposing list of quotations was issued from the betting resorts on Monday last, in the intervals of settling over the Dog Derby, by which event the Ring must have profited to a pretty tune. The Lincoln Handicap and Grand National Steeplechase of course had the call, but in both cases it must be very like the merest lottery to dabble at present, seeing that not only is it not known whether certain prominent favourites will stand a preparation, but whether a preparation of any sort will be possible, beyond that circus-like business gone through on a straw bed. There are some remarkably tempting animals in the Carholme race, such as Tallos, Aventurier, Mandarin, and others, but at present our fancy rather points to Sir Joseph, though the quondam Derby favourite is not very leniently treated. However, we shall have more to say as the time draws near for opening the campaign, by which day betting on the race is likely to wear a very different complexion, after the desultory skirmishing of the present time.

We have still a few Derby candidates to pass in review, and Ruperra is the next name which crops up in connection with that race. The chestnut son of Adventurer and Lady Morgan has "doughty deeds" to recommend him, but they were achieved comparatively early in the season, and perhaps too much was made of performances which certainly failed to receive subsequent confirmation. Ruperra was a light, shelly, unthrifty-looking colt when Ryan stripped him for the first time at Ascot, and though he collared the hill gamely enough, he appeared to run weak and raw, and appeared much distressed on pulling up. He was wisely sent home without trying conclusions with Strather, Cadogan and Co., in the New Stakes, but when brought out to contest the July Stakes he was much the same languid-looking animal, though he once more pulled through by gameness, after being "shaken up" some distance from home. He made but little progress during the remainder of the season, and performed only indifferently in the Middle Park Plate, after the race for which he went so seriously amiss as to require long and careful nursing, and as yet we have not heard how he has progressed since his last appearance in public. Ruperra is not the sort of colt we should recommend for a race requiring such thorough stamina and good constitution as the Derby; but he might be worth thinking about in case he has taken a turn for the better since October last. If he were to put on muscle, fill out, and gain strength, there are all the makings of a good horse about him; but we fear he is one of the unthrifty, nervous, soft sort, which go to pieces as soon as the serious business of training finds out the weak spot in their constitution. On the score of breeding we could not pitch upon a more likely horse than Ruperra, while a Derby triumph for the owner of Springfield would be well received by all who like to see a "straight" man win. We shall probably see Ruperra out at Newmarket before the eventful day at Epsom, when it will be quite time to think about backing him, in case he has turned over a new leaf since the autumn of 1878.

SKYLARK.

THE SCOTCH DEER FORESTS.—Notwithstanding all that has been done to preserve the deer in Scotland, the stocks in the forests in the Braemar district are now in a critical condition. Matters were bad enough after the last fall of snow, but since Saturday there has been a fresh bed to a depth of from 10 to 15 inches, and a keen frost having set in, the snow has become as hard as ice. Not a black spot can be detected as far as the eye can see. Gamekeepers and others are now doing all they can to save the deer from starvation. The animals are reduced to skin and bone, and defy the attempts of the men and dogs to drive them from the farmyards to which they have descended for food and shelter. In the Mar Lodge, Invercauld, Balmoral, and neighbouring forests hay, straw, and turnips are laid down, and beans and corn have been supplied in troughs at various feeding stations. Grouse are in no better plight than deer. Immense flocks of these birds may be seen following the deer herds along the hill sides.

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES—LAMPLough's PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and Inflammation. Use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice and syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism.—Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[ADVT.]

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

LATEST advices from India bring full returns of a couple of cricket matches played there, which go far to prove that the residents would be toughish members for any team to oppose, if we are to judge by the scores they have been making.

In memoriam Samuel Newstead, obit February 19, 1879. Well known to cricketers as attached to the *Field* newspaper, "Sam," as his familiars were wont to call him, was esteemed by all with whom he came in contact, to whom he endeared himself by his general *bonhomie*, whilst he was always ready to assist by advice and more tangible means anyone who appealed to him.

Rumour has it that three teams will pay the Yankees a visit during the ensuing season. Lord Harris and his Australian men will call in May as they return from the Antipodes; the Lascelles Club intend sojourning in the States during August, and in the month sacred to St. Partridge Richard Daft will, if he can get together an eleven, put in an appearance.

Why all this "thuzzness" about sending Elliott over to Australia to row Trickett? We are told by his metropolitan organ that "the champion himself is exceedingly anxious to go, provided that the public will subscribe the necessary amount as expenses; but if this amount is not forthcoming he is equally anxious to get into business on his own account." I cannot see that if he goes he will be doing business for the public, and not for himself, and although I think he could beat Trickett, I should advise him to remain this side of the "herring-pond."

Eton College annual one mile races have been decided since my last. Impey, Clough, and White came in for the seniors' race as I have mentioned their names, the time, even considering the heavy course, 5min 18sec, being very poor; while the juniors' event fell to Waterfield.

Timbrell and Fielding's billiard match at Liverpool on Thursday evening last, 1,000 up, for £200 a-side, on a Championship table, was not conducive of much pleasure to anyone, as the former was never in it, and sustained an easy defeat by no fewer than 342 points after four hours' play.

Last week I referred to a series of *assauts d'armes* to take place at Brighton by the officers and men of the 5th Royal Irish Lancers, at present stationed at Preston Barracks, where they arrived some half a dozen months since. I was unable to accept Col. Dunham Massey's kind invitation, and personally attend the performances, which took place in Ginnett's Circus, but a correspondent has forwarded me a few particulars anent one of them, which of course will suffice for all. Nearly the whole of the first part of the programme was devoted to dismounted entries, only one mounted contest—a broad-sword contest between Sergeant Kirby and Corporal Mace—taking place. The first portion comprised lance and sword exercises, combats in broad-sword, sword and bayonet, fencing, dumb-bell exercise, single-stick, boxing, vaulting, &c. The lance and sword exercise by Corporals Hill, Mace, Murkett, Kelsey, Parsons, Harvey, and Bryant, and Privates Kershaw, Piper, Sinclair, and Bishop; the dumb-bell exercise by Sergeants Watson and Jackson, Corporals Hill, Harvey, and Bryant, and Privates Kehoe, Copping, Kershaw, Quinn, and Sinclair; and the vaulting by Sergeant-major Handy, Sergeant Simmons, Corporal Harvey, and Privates Smith, York, Kershaw, Quinn, Avery, Widdows, and Walker, served to show the merits of the men in a body, the vaulting being extremely good. Sergeant-major Handy and Sergeant Simmons engaged in a bout at singlestick, and the former, with Sergeant-major White, gave an exhibition of fencing. Sergeants Kirby and Watson took part in a dismounted broadsword combat, and the latter, later on, opposed with a sword Corporal Harvey, who was armed with a bayonet. Privates Williams and Redfern had several rounds with the gloves, after which a general *mélée* ensued, and Trumpeter Walker gave a hoop performance. The second part comprised a number of mounted contests with lance and bayonet, sword and lance, and lance and lance, but the prettiest and most interesting sight was the plaiting of the maypole and the Lancer's Quadrilles by eight mounted non-commissioned officers. These were done in a faultless manner, the horses in the quadrille going through the movements without a hitch. Privates Smith and Yorke in their performances on the high trapeze showed themselves to be splendid athletes, and their efforts were greeted with loud applause. Later on they gave another exhibition of their skill on the horizontal bar, in which Sergeant-major Handy and Trumpeter Walker also took part. Sergeant White gave a display of the usual sword feats with effect, which seemed to be greatly appreciated by the company, after which bursts of merriment were evoked by a quarterstaff contest between Corporal Kehoe and Private Copping, who indulged in this old-fashioned sport to their hearts' content. A most amusing entertainment was brought to a conclusion with a comic scene entitled "The Clowns' Club," Sergeant Doyle, Corporal Mace, Privates Chard, Smith, Yorke, and Trumpeter Walker, who were the performers, being loudly applauded. As M.C., Riding Master Crowdy was all that could be desired.

Last Saturday that well-known Manchester pack, the Longsight Harriers, were out for their usual run. J. H. Bowker, the hare, was sent off at 4.15 from the Old Rock House, Barton, by J. S. Brierley, who officiated as starter, timekeeper, and referee, and after a quarter of an hour's law had been given, G. H. Bannister (whip), John Bagshaw (pacemaker), Bushy, J. Ingram, J. Vickers (captain), McDonald, and Weatherell were slipped in pursuit. The hare got home at 5.13, and the pack at 5.40, the latter finishing in the order that their names are given.

At Oxford the various college sports continue to take place, but as I cannot find room for all, and do not care to show undue favouritism, I shall not weekly indulge in comment upon them, but reserve my energies for a *résumé* later on in the term, when the whole have been decided.

Lacrosse is not much indulged in on this side of the Atlantic, but I hear that last Saturday at Stretford the local club, in beautiful weather, and before a numerous company, played a game with a team from Chorlton-cum-Hardy, and were most signally defeated, the visitors obtaining five goals to *nil*.

Notts. Forest look very much like carrying off the Football Association Challenge Cup this year. Last Tuesday I paid a visit to the Oval, and witnessed their defeat of the Oxonians by two goals to one.

"GOLDEN STAR" BAY LEAF WATER, Triple Distilled. Delightfully fragrant and refreshing. The most delicious of all the Toilet Waters.—Sold by Chemists and Perfumers. Depot, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[ADVT.]

CURES OF COUGHS, COLDS, AND HOARSENESS (this week) BY Dr. LOCCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS—Mr. Seymour, Chemist, Okehampton, writes, "I am perfectly satisfied that they are the best medicine for coughs and colds ever introduced." Sold by all druggists at 1s. 1d. per box.—[ADVT.]

WORMS IN A RETRIEVER.—"Chatham, Kent, March 21, 1878.—A week since I gave one of Naldir's Powders to my Retriever, having strictly attended to your instructions. I mixed it in two ounces of butter, and in about twenty minutes she evacuated at least half a pint of Tapeworms, some eight of which were over four feet in length. Her coat, which had grown woefully rusty, is now beautiful, and her general condition is wonderfully improved. The medicine is so thorough, yet so safe, that I feel great pleasure in recommending it to all who keep Dogs and value them.—Yours truly, LAFAYETTE HARRISON. To Messrs. Wright and Holdsworth." Naldir's Powders are sold by all Chemists, in packets 2s., 3s. 6d., and 5s. each, and by Barclay and Sons, 95, Farringdon-street, London.—[ADVT.]

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

BIRMINGHAM STEEPELCHASES.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21.

A MAIDEN HURDLE-RACE.—Mr. W. G. Stevens's Mortague Square (Davis), 1; Sea Lawyer, 2; Blossom, 3 ran.
SOLIHULL STEEPELCHASE HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Quartly's King Sweep (C. Archer), 1; Blossom, 2; Miss Truelove, 3, 4 ran.
TALLY-HO HURDLE-RACE.—Mr. W. H. Faulds's Gold Dust (Mr. G. Walker), 1; Troubadour II., 2; The Liberator, 3, 10 ran.
ERDINGTON STEEPELCHASE PLATE.—Mr. Brodie's Militant (J. Jones), 1; Anchorte, 2; Gwendoline, 3, 3 ran.
SELLING HURDLE-RACE.—Mr. E. P. Wilson's Alban (Owner), 1; Birbeck, 2; King Sweep, 3, 3 ran.
HUNTER CUP STEEPELCHASE.—Mr. J. Jenkins's Trianon (A. Holman), 1; Merry Bells, 2; Sultan, 3, 8 ran.
The SELLING STEEPELCHASE PLATE did not fill.

SATURDAY.

OPEN HUNTERS' STEEPELCHASE.—Mr. W. B. Faulds's Gold Dust (Mr. G. Walker), 1; Pembroke, 2; Moonstone, 3, 5 ran.
HUNTERS' OPTIO AL SELLING PLATE.—Captain Motterham's Just in Time (Owner), 1; Anacreon, 2; Sweatmeal, 3, 4 ran.
A. SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE-RACE.—Mr. G. S. Lowe's Miss Truelove (Mr. Newman), 1; Sussex, 2; Birbeck, 3, 6 ran.
The ELMDON HURDLE HANDICAP.—Mr. C. J. Blake's Waterwitch (Mr. T. Beasley), 1; Verity, 2; Montague Square, 3, 6 ran.
The BIRMINGHAM GRAND ANNUAL HANDICAP.—Lord Combermere's Juggler (Mr. G. Moore), 1; Royal II., 2; Martha, 3, 5 ran.
The CRAYEN CUP.—Mr. J. Hefford's Verity (Fox) walked over for the forfeits.

COURSING.

THE WATERLOO MEETING.

THE WATERLOO CUP.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21.

THIRD ROUND.

Plunger beat Star of Oaken
Nellie Miller beat Market Day
Commerce beat Comus
Queen Sybil beat Rinaldo
Misterton ran a bye, Blackbeath drawn

FOURTH ROUND.

Plunge beat Nellie Miller
Commerce beat Queen Sybil

SATURDAY.

FIFTH ROUND.

Commerce beat Plunger
Deciding Course.
(E) Mr. H. G. Miller's bd w d p Misterton, by Contango—Lina, beat (S) Mr. R. B. Carruthers's bk w b p Commerce, by Contango—Chameleon.

THE WATERLOO PURSE.

FRIDAY.

FIRST ROUND.

Mr. A. Allison ns Blackbeard beat Mr. W. G. Barron's Banner Blue.
Mr. J. B. Salter's Dooon beat Sir W. Anstruther's Aristo.
Mr. S. Swinburne's Skipworth beat Mr. W. R. Scowcroft's Silver Hill.
Mr. R. M. Douglas's Dear Erin beat Mr. S. Wilkinson's Water Witch.
Mr. R. Hyslop's The Runner ran a bye, Mr. A. J. Humphry's Hark Forward (dr).
Mr. W. Kennedy ns Sir James beat Mr. W. Massy ns Hake.
Mr. J. Briggs's Boyne beat Mr. M. Fletcher's Fancy Dress.
Captain Archdale ns Dolly Mayflower beat Mr. W. Smith's Standard.
Mr. T. Brocklebank's Barabbas beat Mr. R. F. Wilkin's Witzenia.
Mr. S. J. Binning's Boy's Boys beat Earl of Stair's Sutler.
Mr. C. J. Harries ns Whistling Dick beat Earl of Sefton's Spinet.
Mr. O. R. Wise ns Pretty Polly beat Mr. W. D. Deighton ns Hilda.
Duke of Hamilton's High Seal beat Lord Lurgan's Lady Stanley (r) dr.
Viscount Molvneux ns Master Owen beat Mr. R. Paterson's Potentilla (1).
Mr. E. L. Ede ns Self-Taught (a bye); Mr. H. F. Stocken ns Hark Back (dr).
Mr. T. D. Hornby's Hagar beat Lord Fermoy's Zazel.

SATURDAY.

SECOND ROUND.

Blackbeard beat Doon
Dear Erin beat Skipworth
The Runner beat Sir James
Dolly Mayflower beat Boyne (1)

THIRD ROUND.

Dear Erin beat Blackbeard
Dolly Mayflower beat The Runner

FOURTH ROUND.

Dear Erin beat Dolly Mayflower
Deciding Course.

THE WATERLOO PLATE.

FRIDAY.

FIRST ROUND.

Mr. G. Darlington's Shepherdess beat Mr. R. C. Vyner's Vivari (1).
Viscount St. Vincent's Marquis of Lorne ran a bye, Mr. G. Bell-Irving ns Iphigenia (dr lame).
Mr. D. J. Paterson's Patella beat Mr. Clifton ns Hamlet.
Mr. J. G. Alexander's Alice Conroy beat Earl of Haddington's Honey Bee.

SECOND ROUND.

Mr. J. Codling ns Whoa Emma beat Mr. G. K. Smith's Lady Lizzie.
Mr. C. E. Marfleet's Musical Box beat Mr. G. Cowan's Civility.
Mr. R. W. Abbott's Athlete beat Dr. Richardson ns (Mr. Spearman's) Barquest.
Mr. F. Bach's Barefoot ran a bye, Wood Reeve drawn.

SATURDAY.

SECOND ROUND.

Shepherdess beat Marquis of Lorne
Patella beat Alice Conroy

THIRD ROUND.

Shepherdess beat Patella
Deciding Course.

Mr. C. E. Marfleet's bk b Musical Box, by Handel—Spice Box, beat Mr. G. Darlington ns (Mr. T. Sewell's) f b Shepherdess, by C.P.B.—Safranza.

RIDGWAY (LYTHAM) CLUB MEETING.
THE UNITED NORTH AND SOUTH LANCASHIRE PRODUCE STAKES.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27.

FIRST ROUND.

Mr. Clifton's Composition beat Captain Archdale's Amorous Joseph.
Mr. Bateman's Belle of the Evening beat Captain Archdale's Aunt Leda.

Earl Sefton's Scipio beat Mr. Hornby's Hubbub.
Mr. Deighton's Doralibat beat Mr. Binning's Cora Linne.

Earl Stair's Stake Net beat Mr. Stone's Twigg.
Earl Haddington's Honey Buzzer beat Captain Archdale's Artful Joseph.

Mr. Clifton's Corporation beat Mr. Hornby's Haddash.
Mr. A. H. Jones's Pocket beat Mr. Williams' Wedding Morn.

Mr. Clifton's Cockaleeky beat Mr. Williams's Wild Blossom.

Mr. Binning's Edendale beat Mr. Clinton's Creecy.

Earl Stair's Slack Off beat Mr. A. H. Jones's Jersey.

Mr. Sullivan's My Idea beat Mr. Pilkington's Phryrus.

Mr. Bell-Irving's Iron Plate beat Mr. Stone's Snake Charmer.

Earl of Haddington's Hair Spring beat Mr. Briscoe's Mercutio.

Earl Stair's Sensitive beat Mr. Abbott's Ricardo.

Mr. Abbott's Alto beat Mr. Bateman's Balfour.

Earl Sefton's Spinet beat Mr. A. H. Jones's Ambulant.

Mr. A. H. Jones's Jolly Kate beat Mr. Clifton's Cossack.

Mr. Stone's Stork beat Mr. Alexander's Alec Stone.

Mr. Briscoe's Diplomacy beat Lord Lurgan's Lady Stanley.

Mr. Gibson's Glarus beat Mr. Hass's Bess.

Lord Headley's Wild Maud ran a bye, Mr. Briggs' Boyne absent.

Mr. Abbott's Ashdown beat Mr. R. B. Carruthers' Colossus.

Lord Lurgan's Master Stanley beat Mr. Swinburne's Sist.
Mr. Alexander's Radiation ran a bye, Mr. Briggs' Bonny Lass absent.
Mr. R. B. Carruthers' Capital ran a bye, Mr. Briggs' Bed Time absent.
Mr. C. Deighton's Diplomacy beat Mr. A. H. Jones's Alt Bridge.
Mr. Stone's Slave (late Moil and Toil) beat Earl of Haddington's Hedena.

Mr. Thorburn's Tinwald beat Lord Headley's Wild Gwendoline.
Earl of Haddington's Haydon beat Mr. Cartwright's Cuckoo Oats.
Mr. Briscoe's Liddel beat Earl of Sefton's Seraphina.
Mr. A. H. Jones's Jerkin beat Earl of Stair's Sulphur.
Lord Headley's Wild Thoughts beat Earl of Stair's Silhouette.

SECOND ROUND.

Composition beat Belle of the Spinet beat Alto Evening
Donalbain beat Scipio Glarus beat Diplomacy 1.
Honey Buzzard beat Stakenet Wild Maud beat Ashdown
Corporation beat Jacket Master Stanley beat Radiation
Edendale beat Cockaleeky Diplomacy beat Capital
Slackoff beat My Idea Slave beat Tinwald
Hairspring beat Iron Plate Haydon beat Liddell
Sensitive beat Spotless Wild Thoughts beat Jerkin

THE CLIFTON CUP.

Mr. Swinburne's Queen Sybil beat Earl of Harrington's Havoc.
Mr. Alexander's Annalost beat Mr. Binning's Blitz.

Mr. Swinburne's Skipworth beat Mr. Clifton's Comrade.
Mr. Gibson's D. S. G. beat Mr. T. Stone's Saxon.

Mr. Hinks's Aden beat Mr. G. Cowan's Charlie.
Lord Lurgan's Master W. G. ran a bye (Mr. Briggs's Bigot absent).

Mr. Tomlinson's Tancred beat Mr. Sullivan's Tenacity.
Mr. Anderson's Corkickle beat Mr. Pilkington's Pickpocket.

Mr. Hinks's Madeira beat Mr. Mould's Molly Bawn.
Earl of Stair's Sutler beat Mr. T. H. Clifton's Corporal.

Mr. Abbott's Anchor beat Captain Archdale's Aunt O'Malley.

ASHDOWN MEETING.—The stewards met at ten o'clock on Wednesday morning at the Red Lyon Hotel, Lambourne, and decided there would be no coursing, and adjourned the meeting until Thursday morning. Should the frost continue the meeting will be adjourned altogether.

NORTH OF ENGLAND CLUB MEETING.—In consequence of the continued severity of the weather, the Eshington Meeting of the above club has been postponed. There will be another fixture after the secretary has had an interview with Mr. Layton, the head keeper. Mr. Wentworth has been elected judge for the Fenton Meeting of the club next week.

SANDOWN RACES.—The stewards have decided to postpone the Sandown Park Meeting till Tuesday and Wednesday in next week, March 4th and 5th.

MR. SHIPWRIGHT, of Tichborne-street, issues gratis an elegant little book, containing, amongst much useful information for sportsmen, the winners and all particulars concerning the University Boat Races and Cricket Matches from the year 1829 to the present date, also the Winners of the Principal Races on the Turf from the year they were inaugurated.

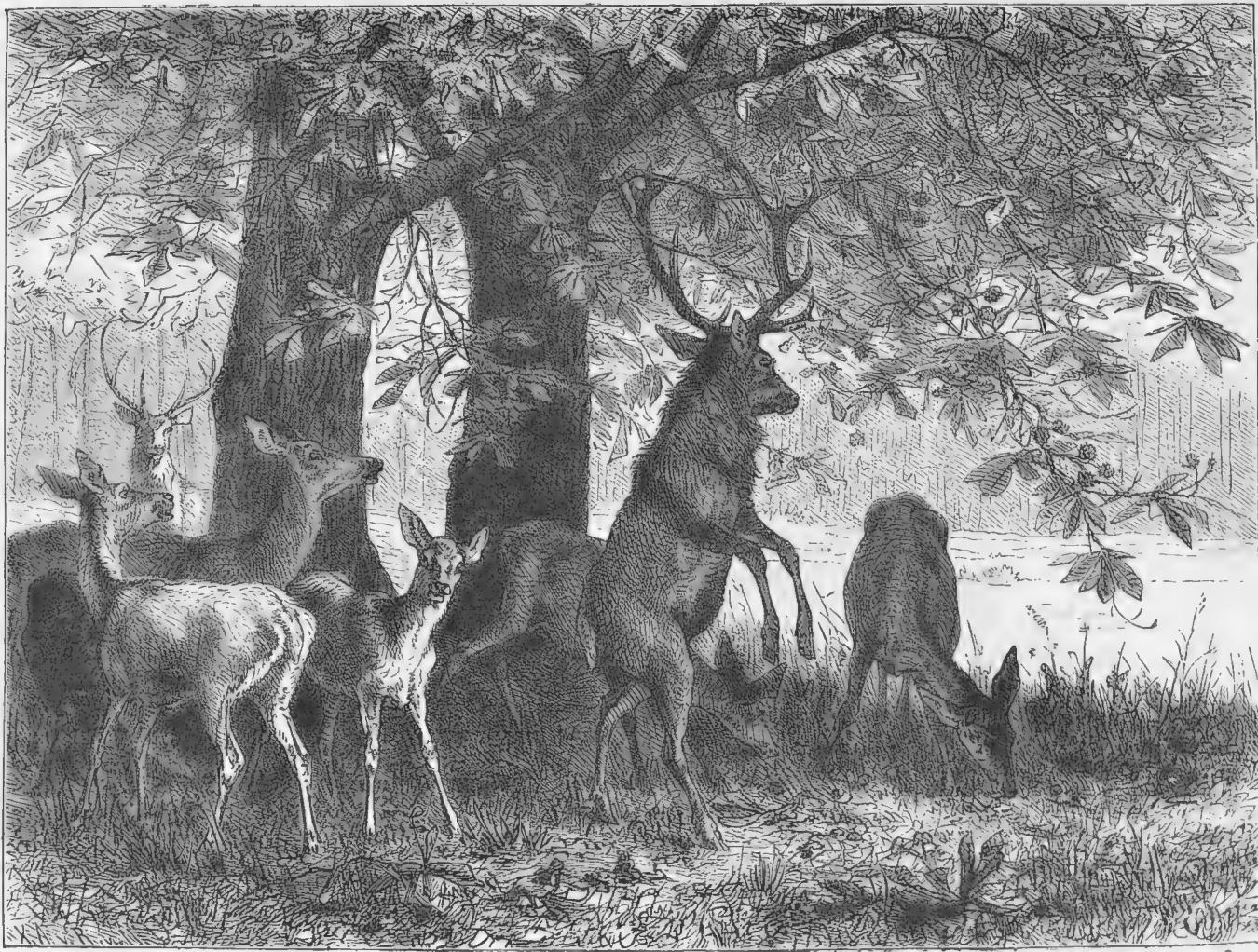
SALE AT TATTERSALL'S.

THE following lots were sold by Messrs. Tattersall on Monday day:—

THE PROPERTY OF THE LATE MR. HENRY ROBINSON.

Chestnut gelding, 7 yrs, by Lozenge—Olivia Augusta by Cowl, grand-dam Maria Mr. Hardcastle 27
Lady Francis II., br f, 3 yrs, by Knight of the Garter—Miss Morris Mr. Jacobson 125
Bay colt, 2 yrs, by Knight of the Garter—Vindictive Mr. Sparrow 32
Bay filly, 2 yrs, by The Miner—Pinwise Mr. Barley 22
Young Chaucer, b, 5 yrs, by Chaucer—Lady Agnes Mr. Allen 75

STUD NEWS.



BRINGING DOWN A MEAL.



AN ARTIST'S AND AMATEUR'S CONVERSAZIONE.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

CHILDREN are, as a rule, the most imitative animals (save monkeys) that the world has yet produced. Put a child to the test, and he will well-nigh astound you with his precocity, especially in matters that should not be within the ken of innocence. The fact of a child's aptness in catching the peculiarities of action, and reproducing them in miniature, takes the gloss off infant phenomena to a considerable extent. In a dancing-class



One of Mr. Villiers' gallant Marines before his death on board the 'Victory'

some adipose Adonis, of say thirty summers, will be left utterly helpless as a waltzer or polkist after twelve lessons (at six guineas), while a stripling of twelve, with a shock head and large collar, will encircle the waist of a partner with a dirty hand, and undulate with all the grace and symmetry of an Apollo after a matter of three or four trials. To the same degree is extreme youth



One of Mr. Villiers' gallant Marines shortly after his death on board the 'Victory'

advantageous in matters of theatrical spectacle. A *maître de ballet* will, with the slightest patience, which is necessary in all cases where age addresses youth, train a hundred children in the time that it would take to inform mature sylphs of the theories upon which they would in future move. "How wonderful, and all done by children too!" is the cry when good people emerge from the

corky corridors of the Canterbury Theatre of Varieties. I do not for a moment wish to detract from the excellent representation of *Trafalgar* by Mr. Villiers' little men and women, who nightly pass through a series of exceedingly difficult military and naval movements. The little people go through their facings in a manner that would do great credit, not only to the adults who salute the "Head of the Queen's Navies" in *H.M.S. Pinasore*,



"Bonnie Prince Charlie"

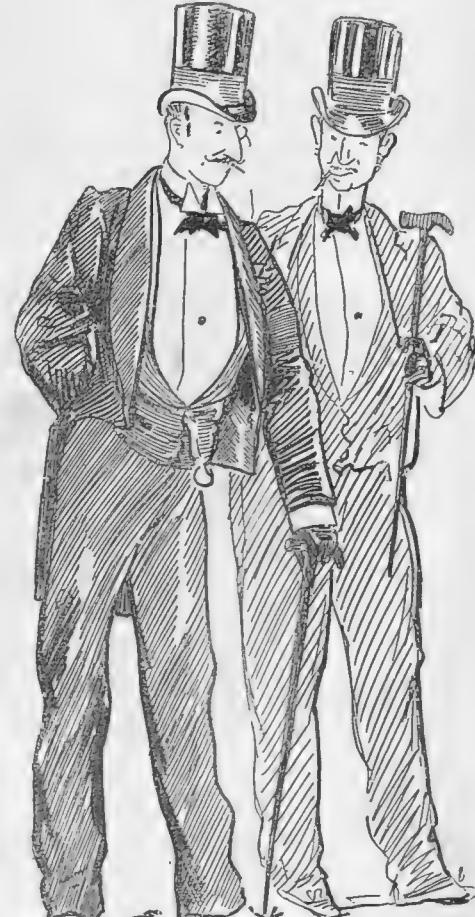
but to the worthy souls who have given up their bodies for the good of their country and the wearing of blue jackets. Mr. Villiers some time ago produced at the Canterbury a Liliputian mimicry of the siege of Plevna. In the designing and dressing of this stirring exhibition he was powerfully aided by his adventurous relative, Mr. Fred. Villiers, who, as special artist, had undergone pretty well as much as the boastful Othello. I do not know who assisted Mr. Villiers in the planning of *Trafalgar*, but as an artistic production it is most complete. Not only the mounting, in matters of scenery and properties, but the miniature costumes, from the tiny admiral,



A bonnie Highlander frae Hengler's

with his empty coat-sleeve and four fatal decorations, to the least consequential marine, with his high-collared coat and ungainly hat, everything is as complete as need be. Another exhibition of juvenile talent worthy of visitation is that, farther West, at Hengler's Circus. In the arena, which is suddenly transformed into a rocky pass, the various clans of Scotland muster and mix amicably together (in a manner that would have surprised a Highland forefather, by the way), the Chisholms shoulder to shoulder with the Mackays, the Rob Roys rubbing plaids with the Macphersons, all to do honour to bonnie Prince Charlie, a sweet little lass of some ten years' experience in the trials of life. "Bonnie Prince Charlie" is one of the most pic-

turesque miniature spectacles I have ever witnessed. The one blot on the performance—a blot that does not occur at the Canterbury—is the presence of a trainer or drill master, who, like a kilted Gulliver, strides about amongst the tiny warriors, and effectually spoils the effect by reason of disproportion. The sword-dancing and whisky-drinking of some of the little Celts is enough to make the heart of the coldest Scotchman warm with enthusiasm. Talking of children and the Canterbury reminds me of a couple of noodles whom I saw at that place of amusement on the evening of my visit; they were true knights of the "Crutch and Toothpick," those offensive playthings that are at present so ripe in places of amusement. These worthy youths were in deep mourning—not that anybody for whom they particularly cared had departed this life, but the recent death of the Princess Alice had caused sables to be worn by the Court, and of course the world could



Crutches and Toothpicks.

not wag unless Crutch and Toothpick followed suit. One of these snobs had actually a band of crape round his left arm. However, it is not with the habiliments of Crutch and Toothpick I wish to deal (a sketch answers that purpose), but with their deportment; the ogling, the talking to the ballet girls, the attitudes and continual rushes from the box to the side scenes through a convenient door, are all matters of offence to a humbler and less gifted division of the public, and worthy of a manager's attention. There is now a club bearing the soul-stirring title of "The Crutch and Toothpick Club," its coat of arms is something of this nature—



CRUTCH & TOOTHPICK.

What a blessing these sticks and quills must be to the community!

THE DRAMA.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

MR. JAMES MORTIMER has taken the Royalty Theatre, and made a spirited effort to supply the Dean-street audiences with a bill of fare that will suit their somewhat jaded palates. Taking note of the prevailing taste in favour of pieces in which farcical humour is brought to bear upon matrimonial misunderstandings, he has furnished for the principal item of the evening's performance a version of Sardou's *La Papillonne*, under the title of *A Gay Deceiver*. Mr. Mortimer's adaptation, while in the main lines it follows closely upon another English version of the same play, is yet sufficiently freshened up to accord with the prevailing taste, and as it is played by a well selected and quite excellent company, it affords a considerable amount of amusement to the spectator. Mr. Philip Day as Lord Ernest Masham plays the volatile and erratic husband with an amount of liveliness that could scarcely be exceeded by that popular exponent of Palais Royal Benedicks Mr. Charles Wyndham himself. Miss Emily Fowler as Lady Sophia Merivale, a charming young widow, whose knowledge of mankind has made her rather more philosophic in her views of life than most young women are at her age, played with that finish and delicate grace which are so characteristic of this actress's comedy style. The Lady Constance Masham of Miss Ellen Meyrick is also excellent in its way. As a bluff, blundering, but thoroughly good-natured young Yorkshireman, Mr. John Billington is of course perfectly at home—his north country dialect being native. It was a happy choice to put Mr. Leonard Boyne in the rôle of Colonel Philip O'Hara,

"late of the Servian army," a fire-eating Irish *militaire*. Mr. Boyne's rich and unaffected brogue, and his vigorous style, added to a decided appreciation of the humour of the situations he is called upon to illustrate, render his performance extremely diverting, and in its way really artistic. Altogether *A Gay Deceiver* may be pronounced an amusing farce. It is preceded by the two-act comedy, *A Little Treasure*, in which Miss Lydia Cowell plays Gertrude with all that girlish grace and refinement which so distinguish her. It is a matter for regret that Miss Lydia Cowell does not appear more frequently upon the stage, for which she possesses qualifications as refreshing as they are uncommon. Mr. A. M. Denison, as Sir Charles Howard, acts in a well-sustained, manly style; Mr. John Billington, as Captain Walter Maydenblush, is hardly, to our thinking, at home; Mr. F. Charles as the Hon. Leicester Flittermore; Miss Caroline Parkes as Lady Florence Howard is excellent; and Mrs. Leigh Murray's Mrs. Meddleton could not be improved upon. Indeed, Mr. Mortimer's programme at the Royalty ought to prove very fairly popular, more especially as he has revived the system of half-price at nine o'clock.

AQUARIUM THEATRE.

It is a matter for congratulation that Miss Litton has once more successfully re-opened the Afternoon Theatre at the Royal Aquarium. No better selection of an old comedy with which to inaugurate the season could have been made than Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*. Miss Marie Litton makes as charming and intelligent a Miss Hardcastle as we have ever seen. From the

beginning to the end of the comedy she thoroughly seizes upon the humour of the plot, and her impersonation must be pronounced a most finished and artistic performance. Mr. Farren's Young Marklow, albeit full of traditional excellence, lacks the youthful spontaneity which our idea of the character conveys to us. Mr. John Ryder, as old Mr. Hardcastle, again seems too ponderous and classical for the quaint homely character Goldsmith has pourtrayed in the old squire. The Tony Lumpkin of Lionel Brough is too well known to call for much further comment. It has lost none of the broad unctuous humour which distinguished it from the first; indeed, there is, perhaps, a tendency now to make the humour over-broad. Nevertheless, Mr. Brough's Tony Lumpkin is in many respects the best to be seen on our stage. The Diggory of Mr. James Fawn proves how a comparatively small character drawn by a great master can, in the hands of a talented comedian, assume the prominence of a leading part. Mr. Fawn thoroughly realises the comic elements of the promoted rustic, and we venture to think that most of those who witness *She Stoops to Conquer* at the Aquarium Theatre will carry away as lasting a memory of Diggory as of any of the other characters in this unsurpassed old comedy. Miss Ellen Meyrick plays Tony's playful cousin, Constance Neville, intelligently. We confidently recommend all lovers of real English comedy, ably rendered, to pay a visit to *She Stoops to Conquer* at the Aquarium Theatre.

Mrs. H. B. Conway (Miss Kate Phillips) is specially engaged to play Penelope in *The Snowball* at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, for 12 nights in March.

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PAUL JONES, by Buccaneer out of Queen of the Gipsies, by Chanticleer, her dam, Rambling Katie, by Melbourne out of Phryne, by Touchstone, at 15s each. Foaling mares, 2s. per week; barren mares, 1s. per week.

Apply to Stud Groom, as above.

At Baumber Park, Near Horncastle, Lincolnshire.

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MERRY SUNSHINE, by Thormanby (winner of the Derby), out of Sunbeam (winner of the St. Leger), at 10s. Groom's fee included; a few half-bred mares at half-price. Both these horses are perfectly sound in every respect. Foaling mares at 21s., and barren mares at 14s. per week; all expenses to be paid before the removal of the mares, if required.

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At Myton Stud Farm, near York.

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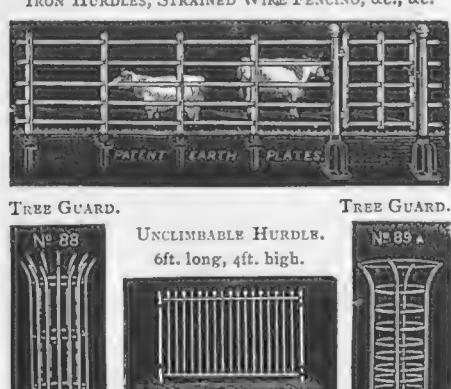
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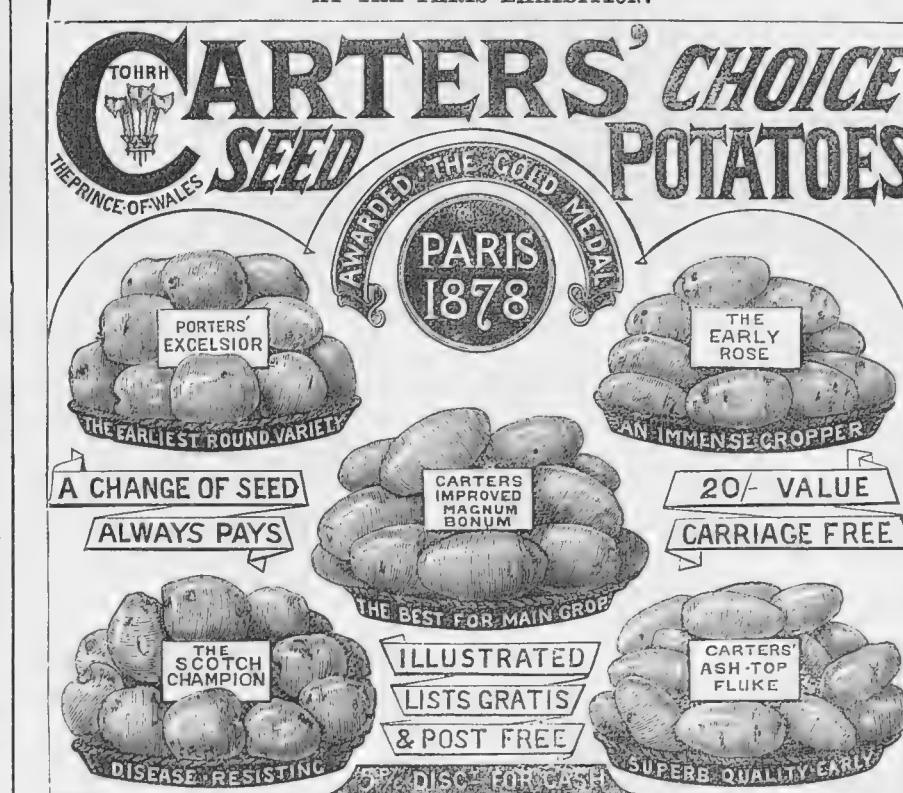
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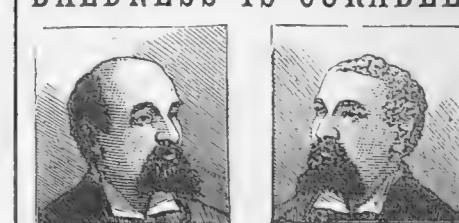
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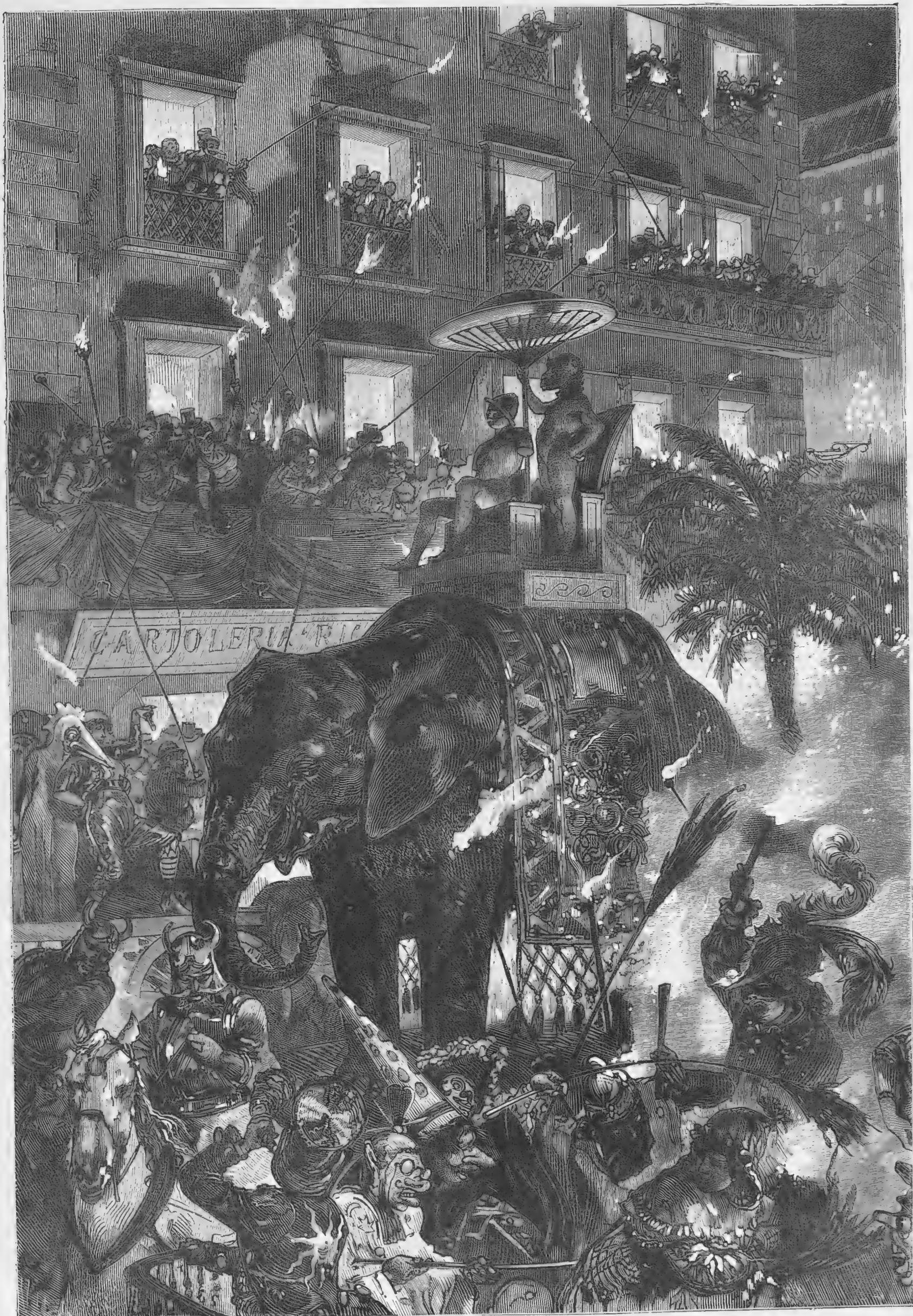
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ROME.—LAST DAYS OF THE CARNIVAL—DEPARTURE OF KING PASQUINO—LES MOCCOLI.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is particularly requested that all Letters intended for the Editorial Department of this Paper be addressed to the EDITOR, and not to any individual who may be known in connection with it; and must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

GRIMALDI.—*New Men and Old Acres* is announced in play bills as Messrs. Tom Taylor and Dubourg; and internal evidence seems to show that there is a very great deal of M. Dubourg's graceful work in it. We will answer the remaining question in our next.

A LOVER OF THE THEATRE.—Mr. S. French, theatrical publisher, Strand, W.C.

LEON HAYDRICK.—We never heard of the name you mention on the stage. J. D. A.—William Cartwright's will, whereby he bequeathed to Dulwich College his pictures, books, some furniture, and £390, bears date September, 1686. He was an actor in the days of Charles I., and, like Rhodes, during the Commonwealth turned bookseller. He returned to the stage after the Restoration, and remained on it many years. One of his favourite characters, and that in which he had been most popular, was Falstaff. His son was also an actor. The original catalogue of his pictures and books—many of the latter being exceedingly rare works—was in his own handwriting. His shop was in Turnstile, Holborn, where, we believe, he died.

G. J. LAWES.—By Mr. Pocock, author of several other dramas.

INVALID.—We know that Count D'Orsay did present Andrew Ducrow with a brace of pistols and a dirk mounted in ivory and gold, which had belonged to Lord Byron; but we cannot tell you what became of those articles, nor where they may now be found. Ducrow died in January, 1842.

A VISITOR.—Barclay and Perkin's brewery stands on, or close by, the site of the Globe Theatre, on the Bankside.

WILLIAM BALLIN.—Nicholas Rowe's once very popular tragedy, *Jane Shore*, which was one of her great parts. We do not know when it was last played, nor why it is never now played.

S. M.—There are two statements which have not, so far as we can remember, been reconciled. In the verses of Leonard Digges, published in 1623, or 1622—we forget which—Shakespeare's monument in Stratford church is mentioned as then existing. And in one of the Dugdale MSS. we read, under the date 1653, "Shakespeare and John Combes Monum" at Stratford, sup' Avon, made by one Gerard Johnson." In an official list of foreigners settled in London, issued about the same date as the above, Johnson is described as a Dutch tomb-maker, and there are notes of his labourers and apprentices, his wife's country, the number of his children, &c., and it is there stated that he had then been residing in England twenty years. If so he could not have erected Shakespeare's tomb in 1623, for he was then in Holland. John Combe, Shakespeare's friend, died in 1614, and his tomb, always attributed to Gerard Johnson, is still to be seen. Whatever may be said of Shakespeare's time, is it likely that a tomb to Combes would have been erected about forty years after his death? The dates are probably wrong, figures so easily transposed.

R. A. S.—Equestrian performances were given at the Lyceum Theatre in 1844.

PLAYGOER.—So long as the thing pays, it will doubtless be retained, although it might be better for the drama if, as you suggest, the proprietor went back to the higher class works which only brought him empty benches. Your last objection reminds us of that, impatiently raised by the Irish patient of a once famous Dublin doctor, Dr. Sims, who said, "It is no use giving me any more of those emetics, docther darlin'; none at all; emetics never will stay on me stomach."

A. WOODBRIDGE.—I. John Ford, the dramatist, was born in 1586. His *Lover's Melancholy* was acted at the Globe and Blackfriars theatres in 1628, and printed in the following year. 2. William Cartwright was one of the company at Drury Lane Theatre when it was re-opened by Mr. Thomas Killebrew, after the Restoration. See reply to J. D. A.

MUSICAL.

T. YOUNG, Sheffield.—Richard Wagner's letter on the subject of Liszt's "Symphonic Poems" has been translated into tolerable English, and is published, price sixpence, by Stanley, Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond-street. You will find some remarks on the subject in our musical columns.

V. KNOTT.—I. Madame Selina Dolaro made her first appearance on the London stage at the Lyceum Theatre, and her impersonation of the Spanish Princess, in Hervé's *Chilpéric*, at once established her in public favour. 2. She is a good musician and an excellent French scholar. 3. Miss Alice May sang frequently at concerts in this country, before her visit to Australia, but did not, until after that visit, sing here in opera.

R. R.—The operetta, *Breaking the Spell*, is an English adaptation of Offenbach's piece, *Le Violoneux*.

TYRO.—If your voice is as strong as you appear to believe, it would probably be un hurt by your singing during two or three seasons in the chorus of the Italian Opera. You would be able to profit by the examples of great artists. Many of our best native vocalists have commenced as choristers. The work is hard and the pay small, but the collateral advantages are great for young students.

SCALES.—The answer given to you last week was misprinted. Strike out the words "ten notes higher," and the answer will be correct.

SPORTING.

A FOLLOWER OF THE BRUSH.—The error is most assuredly not in the description, which simply says the mask is fastened to the saddle, and as, for reasons which you would deem sufficient could you hear them, the mask does not appear in the illustration, we do not see the error. We are sorry that you disapprove of the sketches, for we find that they are generally liked.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. L.—The Arundel Society, established for the preservation and engraving of early examples of Italian art, commenced its operations in 1849. S. B. LUDLOW.—Wrong, as the following lines published in 1863 will show:—

There was a great Doctor Kenealy,
Who, of Helicon drinking too freely,
Wrote "A New Pantomime,"
Where, from overmuch rhyme
He good manners forgot—did Kenealy.

F. L. D.—The tin trade between the Phoenicians and the ancient Britons of Cornwall is not a mere tradition but a fact, thoroughly established upon sound historical evidence.

Rosa DUDLEY.—In the polite words of a Duke of Cumberland, "The gentleman may believe what he pleases, but I hope he will allow me the same liberty."

J. A. H.—Alas! we know no remedy, and can only give you the consolation of Montaigne, who said gout, gravel, and rheumatism were symptoms of long life just as heat, cold, rain, and hail are the attendants of every long journey." With reference to the doctor you name, we believe, on other people's authority, that when he dies he may deservedly rest under the epithet Burns wrote for another famous Scotch doctor.

"Beneath these stones lie — bones.
O Satan! if you take him,
Appoint him doctor to your sons.
And healthy de'il's he'll make 'em."

PUGILIST.—Much earlier. Edward the First prohibited prize-fighting. The wandering jugglers and mummers of the ancient Anglo-Saxons used to fight for the public amusement. Such fights also took place in the old Bear-gardens and Cockpit of the Bankside and elsewhere in Queen Elizabeth's time. Here is a copy from one of the old posters—as the bills stuck on the street posts used to be called—"At the Bear-garden on Hockley in the Hole, near Clerkenwell Green, a trial of skill shall be performed between two masters of the noble science of defence on Wednesday next, Nov. 15, 1625, at two of the clock precisely." The weapons, however, in those days were swords not fists, but the class of men was identical with those afterwards called pugilists.

NORTH COUNTRYMAN.—The origin of the Scots Act of Parliament, which made murder under trust punishable as treason, arose thus:—A terrible feud having broken out between Macdonald of Ilay and the Glens, and Maclean of Duart, the latter had occasion to take hostages from the former. Some time after Maclean being taken prisoner by Macdonald, was harshly treated, and only released upon the powerful intercession of his cousin the Earl of Argyll, one of the conditions of his release being the giving of hostages to ensure the carrying out of the remaining conditions. Mac-vic-lan of Ardnurchan soon after maliciously informed Macdonald that his hostages had been slain by Maclean, whereupon the former slew the hostages of Maclean. On the following morning, when the exchange of hostages was to have taken place, those of Macdonald returned in safety from Mull. The stories of the old Highland feuds are crowded with such horrible illustrations of treachery, cruelty, and hate.

A. DEWHURST.—The reference is somewhat obscure, but it appears to point to the year 1543, in which, according to some historical records of the Spanish navy, which were published in 1827, Captain Blasco de Garay, by permission of the Emperor Charles V., exhibited a machine for rendering vessels independent of sails and oars. Barcelona was the place chosen for his demonstration, and a vessel of 200 tons, called the *Trinidad*, laden with corn, was the object of his experiment. It was observed that he placed two wheels, one in the water on either side of the vessel, and that these were connected with a large copper full of something inside the ship. The Imperial treasurer, who was appointed examiner for the Emperor, reported unfavourably, on the ground that the copper vessel had a tendency to burst, and that the rate of motion was only about four miles an hour. Charles V., however, paid the inventor's expenses, and made him a present of 40,000 maravedis.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1879.

THE SELECTION OF BROOD MARES.—No. I.

THE prizes in the great lottery of breeding thoroughbred stock are so valuable that the popularity of its pursuit among Englishmen of all classes, and whether by way of pleasure or of business, cannot be wondered at, especially when it is considered that the favours of fortune do not invariably descend upon the breeder who calls the teachings of science and experience to his aid, but are occasionally the means of bringing into repute some little man who works by no rule, but rather after the "happy go lucky" fashion. Every breeder starts with the idea of the possibility, and most of the fraternity with a fixed conviction of the probability, of their breeding a winner of the Derby, so easy "on paper" is the production of that *rara avis*, and so many staunch believers are there in the doctrine of chances permitting such a treasure to "turn up" and to make their fortunes forthwith. Hence it is that breeders of the ephemeral order "come like shadows, so depart," many, after a very short career as caterers for the Turf, partly because they have not had the patience to wait for the result of their labours, but mostly because that result has been disappointing, and after they have lost both time and money in their endeavours to discover the royal road to success. That such a road does exist we should be sorry in terms to deny, but so many have apparently started fairly upon it, and then have been compelled to turn back that its existence may fairly be left an open question. On the other hand, such extraordinary "turns up" have been recorded, that theorists have been thereby confounded; so that the best light in which to regard breeding is as a mixture of both science and chance, each in turn predominating, and thus inducing believers in both to embark in its pursuit. The former may prevail to such an extent as for its possessors to claim the advantage, but on a sudden the edifice of their theory is rudely upset, and it becomes the turn of the disciple of chance to crow over them.

While it must be admitted on all hands that certain elements of chance arise rudely to disturb the theories of breeders (whose occupation never boasted to be one of the "exact sciences"), yet we imagine it will be with similar readiness admitted that all breeders are not equally successful, which implies something more than mere haphazard dealing with the business. We note these varied degrees of success among both private breeders and breeders for sale, and as the selection of brood mares must needs be an important item in the speculation, we have chosen to throw out a few hints (in most cases practically acquired) for the benefit of those who may have recently embarked in the production of thoroughbred stock, or who may be contemplating such a step, whether it is their intention to put their produce into training, or to dispose of it by public auction in the ordinary way. The selection of brood mares, then, the very head and front of such an undertaking, must needs be put in the forefront when dealing with the administration of the stud farm; but we would have it clearly understood that this is merely the foundation of the edifice, which cannot be perfected without great subsequent care in the management of the mares when acquired, and of their foals when produced. But this is altogether a different branch of the subject, and may come to be treated of hereafter, the only thing we wish to impress upon our

readers being that the selection of brood mares must not be regarded as the be all and the end all of the formation of a stud, although it is a most important preliminary step. It might perhaps be considered impertinent to meddle with the private affairs of those whose object in breeding is to furnish a supply for their racing stables; but we shall not offend by the few remarks we have to make, which tend to illustrate the advantages and benefits resulting from a thorough knowledge of the future mothers of the stud before they leave the post for the paddock. Ample opportunities are presented to those who breed for private racing purposes of gaining a thorough insight into the constitution, tempers, and general characteristics of the animals from which the choice of brood mares must subsequently be made. There are numerous little drawbacks which purchasers of strange mares cannot by any possibility discover at the time of buying; and to the trainer alone are known the condition of wind, the peculiarities of constitution, and the soundness or unsoundness of limb, which render mares desirable acquisitions or the contrary to the collections of breeders. There is more in this than many might suppose, and moreover from the fact of those destined to become Belgravian mothers only having been in the hands of the stud groom and the trainer (to the care of the former of whom they are once more consigned upon leaving the Turf), they have escaped all the drawbacks incidental to frequent changes of quarters, riders, and attendants, to say nothing of the evils they have avoided in not being "made up for sale" as yearlings. Doubtless, the success of sportsmen like Lord Falmouth is in some degree attributable to a knowledge of the capabilities of mares while in training, by which a fair judgment can be formed of their adaptability to stud purposes. Many a mare which has cut a very indifferent figure upon the racecourse may have been only prevented by accident from fulfilling expectations formed on the ground of a very high private trial; but of this, of course, the outside world knows nothing, or only knows of it for the first time after she has bred something of very high class, and from comparative obscurity, has taken exalted rank among the celebrities catalogued in the "Stud Book."

In process of time, of course, some changes will be advisable, and the breeder for his own use must go further a-field, and seek beyond his own sources of blood for eligible matrons to fill up vacancies in his stud. In the selection of these he must be guided by principles which apply to all breeders alike, and we shall not presume to dictate the best course to be pursued in making up the number of mares sufficient to supply him with young blood year by year. His position also as regards the acquisition of mares from time to time will differ according as he sees fit to use a sire of his own or to seek foreign alliances; though from the teachings of experience it seems evident enough that the racing man's best policy is to patronize the most fashionable and successful sires of the day in their turn, instead of sticking to the same home strain, a course which necessitates the rejection on the score of similar blood of many desirable mares, and on additional outlay to secure others likely to "nick" with the horse they have elected to use *en permanence*. This latter plan has not been found to answer in most cases, and we may instance that of Lord Glasgow, whose attachment to the families of Barbutis, Melbourne, Teddington, &c., was more exemplary than profitable, so far at least as concerns success in racing. At this point we must break off for the present, having said all we deem politic concerning matters in which people must be left pretty much to please themselves; inasmuch as they are only concerned to carry on racing warfare after any fashion they choose, and are responsible to no one for their whims, fads, and fancies. Breeders for public sale are in an altogether different position, and to such as are making a start, as well as to those already established in business, we shall presently address ourselves, not so much in the view of propounding theories as of setting forth the results of observation and experience.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

A DRAMATIC STORY
Adapted expressly for this paper.

BY HOWARD PAUL.

CHAPTER XII.

PAUL had not concealed from Gabrielle that Eugène Noriac had formerly been acquainted with Zita Denman and her friends. But, in explaining his reasons for renewing these relations, M. Noriac had acted with his usual diplomacy. Otherwise, Gabrielle might have entertained suspicions when she saw him enter into a long conversation with the Countess, and afterwards chat freely with Sir Peabody and Mrs. Thorpe. But now she only thought of the letter which she had received. What would she not have given to have been able to run away and read it at once. But she felt it would be imprudent to leave the room before the last guest had departed. It was past two o'clock in the morning before she could open the precious letter, and then she did not find what she had hoped for. In his despair Paul had filled three pages with assurances of his love and prayers that she would not forget him. All the counsel he gave her amounted to this,—arm yourself with patience and resignation till my return. Do not leave your father's house, unless in the last extremity, and under no circumstances without consulting Eugène. Fearing to wound his friend's sensitive feelings, Paul did not inform Gabrielle that he had confided the whole of his fortune to Eugène, in trust for her. He only said that if flight became necessary she need not hesitate from pecuniary considerations; that he had made all needful arrangements.

During the following weeks Gabrielle was left in comparative peace. Yet she felt a prisoner in her father's house, even when her enemies seemed to completely forget her. The great gates were now kept jealously closed; the little garden-gate had been secured by two enormous locks, and whenever Gabrielle walked in the garden she saw one of the gardeners watch her with anxious eyes.

Apparently they wished to cut her off from all communication with the outer world, for when she once asked her father's permission to invite the Duchesse de Barrés to spend a day with her, the Count harshly refused.

On another occasion, when there had been several bright spring days, the poor girl could not help expressing a desire for a little fresh air. But her father replied—

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FAMOUS PLAYERS.

By A. H. WALL.

"FAMOUS NED ALLEYN" AND "GOD'S GIFT COLLEGE."

(Concluded from page 554.)

TURNING now from Alleyn the actor to Alleyn the man, we find him equally worthy of our admiration and loving remembrance. In the scraps and fragments of his letters and papers the most conspicuous elements are a pious faith in God's goodness, a sincere love of wife and home, and constant givings in charity to the poor. He made money rapidly, and worked hard and steadily for it. The documents remaining which record his pecuniary transactions show him aiding the improvident and unfortunate amongst his player brethren, releasing this one from a debtor's prison (then horrible enough), advancing money upon a very uncertain promise to another, paying in advance, and so on. Numerous letters from famous but needy applicants asking for help exist at Dulwich, and most of them appear to have achieved their purpose. "Blessed be God," one clergyman (Samuel Jeynens) wrote to him, "who hath stirred up your heart to do so many gracious and good deeds to God's glory." Even the Rector of St. Botolph's, Stephen Gosson—who had himself been a player and playwright, but deserted the stage from religious scruples, and was afterwards its most bitter opponent*—even Gosson spoke of the "poore folke" of his parish as "pledges which Christ had left in his absence" to Alleyn the stage player.

But Alleyn, a great actor and a good man, was also an excellent man of business, a keen hand at a bargain, a shrewd, enterprising speculator. He built or purchased as capital investments, inns and taverns, amongst others the Barge, the Bell, and the Cock, on the Bankside, where he held the post of royal warden of the Bear-gardens,† and elsewhere another hostelry called the Boar's Head, which may have been the celebrated one in Cheap-side. He bought bears and bulls and dogs, even lions, for the delight of royalty and the court, who would crowd to Paris-gardens or the Hope to see them fight, this kind of sport, cruel as it was, being so beloved by sturdy Queen Bess and her court that at one time she suppressed the play-houses because they took the people away from its brutalising sights.‡

So it came about in the year 1606, when the Manor of Dulwich was in the market, that Edward Alleyn, the player, determined to purchase it and retire from the stage. The village of Dulwich was then a very little secluded place hidden away with its groves and meadows in a nest-like hollow under beautifully wooded hills. There before the time of Henry VIII, the abbots of Bermondsey had their peaceful rustic retreat, and the Manor House, of which Alleyn became lord, had been their stately residence. There for some years the worthy actor and his "dear sweet little mouse," Joan, lived in content and happiness, receiving their visitors from London with hospitable welcomes, enjoying their summer-morning rides and evening walks, and in winter sitting by its capacious fire-place telling old stories of the drama in its younger days, stories of old strolling adventures, merry or sad; recalling with mournful head-shakings and some tears the tragic endings of those gloriously gifted "poore companions" who, plunging headlong into riot and dissipation, had perished miserably, to find comfort in other memories of their more grave and sober fellows, who, "being both married and of good reputation," as the players' early friend Lord Southampton wrote, still survived, prosperous and well-to-do, enjoying life and coming, we may be sure, with tolerable frequency to enjoy the beauties of the locality, and stretch their legs under the "mahogany" of "Sweet Ned Alleyn," when :—

They cast their caps up and caroused together
Like friends long lost.

And then followed the crowning glory of "Famous Ned Alleyn's" well-spent life—the founding of that college for the aged poor and the uneducated young, which he, with as much modesty as piety, called "God's Gift." He had no family, and appears to have long contemplated the founding of some such establishment. The Rev. S. Jenkins, from whose letter I have already quoted, suggested that he should assist in the maintenance of a college at Chelsea for the support of learned men whose business should be the support of the national religion and the answering of its adversaries, or that he should "build some half a score lodging rooms more or less near 'to his house' if it be no more but to give lodging to divers scholars that come from the University." Alleyn took his own course.

In the autumn of the year 1616 the Earl of Arundel writes to him with a familiarity which shows the respect entertained for Alleyn's character and the knowledge amongst the higher ranks of his benevolent purposes. The Earl, addressing the player as his "loving friend," says, "Whereas I am given to understand that you are in hand with an hospital for the succour of poor old people and the maintenance and education of the young, and have now almost perfected your charitable work, I am at the instant request of this bearer to desire you to accept of a poor fatherless boy to be one of your number."

The papers of Dulwich College show that Alleyn was solicitous to give a preference to the poor of his native parish in selecting the inmates of his hospital; and that Gosson was particularly diligent in recommending individuals to his favour. There were legal difficulties in the establishment of "God's Gift College" as a foundation, and no less a person than the Chancellor Bacon thought it his duty to resist the completion of Alleyn's wishes. The Chancellor thus writes to the Marquis of Buckingham:—"I now write to give the King an account of a patent I have stayed at the seal. It is of license to give in mortmain eight hundred pounds land, though it be of tenure in chief, to Allen, that was the player, for an hospital. I like well that Allen playeth the last act of his life so well, but if his Majesty gave way thus to amortize his tenures, the Court of Wards will decay, which I had well hoped should improve. But that which moved me chiefly is that His Majesty now lately did absolutely deny Sir Henry Saville for £200, and Sir Edward Sandys for £100, to the perpetuating of two lectures, and one in Oxford the other in Cambridge, foundations of singular honour to His Majesty, and of which there is great want. Whereas hospitals abound, and beggars abound never a whit less, if His Majesty do like to pass the book at all, yet if he would be pleased to abridge the £800 to £500, and then give way to the other two books for the Universities it were a princely work, and I would make an humble suit to the king and desire your lordship to join in it, that it might be so." The opposition of the chancellor was however overruled, and Alleyn was allowed to dispose of his munificent endowment of 800 a-year.

* He played at the Theatre and the Curtain in Shoreditch.

† His title in full was "Keeper of the King's (James's) Wild Beasts, or Master of the Royal Bear-gardens, situated on Bankside, in Southwark." His profits from this source only are said to have amounted to five hundred a year.

‡ In 1591 an order was issued from the Privy Council forbidding plays to be acted on Thursdays, because that was the day usually devoted to bear-baiting and similar holiday sports, now regarded as brutal but then extremely popular with all classes of people. One of the Lord Mayor of London's objections to plays was that their performances tended to "the great hurt and destruction of the game of bear-baiting and such like pastimes, wh ch are maintained for her Majesty's pleasure"—an unintentional compliment to the drama much better appreciated by us than by our forefathers of Elizabeth's days, although even then the brutality of these games disgusted the more refined and humane.

according to his own wishes. The college was for the support and maintenance of one master, one warden, and four fellows, three of whom were to be ecclesiastics, and the other a skilful organist; also six poor men, six women, and twelve boys, to be educated in good literature. The patent passed a great seal on the 21st June, 1619, and on the 13th of the following September Alleyn formally and publicly dispossessed himself of this the greater part of his property, and thenceforward he and his wife lived in this foundation on a footing of equality with those whom they had raised into comfort and comparative opulence. Thomas Heywood in his "Vindication of Actors" (a remodelling of his "Apology for Actors") says: "When this college was finished this famous man was so equally mingled with humility and charity that he became his own pensioner, humbly submitting himself to that proportion of diet and clothes which he had bestowed on others."

How God's Gift College grew and prospered, how after Alleyn's death it fell into greedy, unscrupulous hands, to have its founder's wishes put aside, and its funds wasted and misappropriated, and how poor aged players were especially prohibited from a share in the old player's bounty, is a shamefully melancholy story which has been told over and over again. In the "Oui Dire" of last week a characteristic anecdote showed how proudly Alleyn spoke of the profession Shakspeare followed, and Sir Francis Carlton, his predecessor as lord of the manor, sneered at, as one of which he, Alleyn, could never be ashamed. The noble regard he had for even the humblest of his fellows is perceptible in the tradition which tells how certain aged players who shared his bounty having treated with scorn and contempt one of their fellows, because his position in the play-house had been only a very subordinate one, Alleyn upheld the lowly and humiliated the proud, for the players' community had, in his time, always been a republic, in which equality meant upright conduct and honest manliness, and evil doing was disgrace and humiliation.

VETERINARIAN.

HORSE COPING.

AFTER what we said about horse dealing, a few words on horse coping as carried on by the lowest class of horse dealers, who usually go about in small parties of twos and threes may be found to be of interest, not that any of our readers will benefit, so much as be interested and amused, by a few words in exposure of the practice. In every part of the world where horses are bought and sold there is more or less sharp practice in the exchange of old and half worn-out horses; but we must visit Yorkshire to witness horse "coping" in its most select form. Much brutal ingenuity is displayed by the most successful copers, as we shall see, and—

"That for ways that are dark
And tricks that are vain,"

the heathen Chinee is not at all peculiar.

The passing off of old horses for middle-aged, and middle-aged horses for young ones, is a common trick. The process is painful and brutal. The horse has first to be taken to a secure situation which must be near a fire. Before the days of the R.S.P.C.A. the village smithy was often the scene of rejuvenation. After placing a twitch upon the nose, a tooth-file or rasp is used to level down sharp edges of the molars, and then for the nippers a hot, pointed iron is used to burn holes in the two centre incisor teeth, top and bottom, to imitate the natural black marks which wear out after eight years old. Should time permit, the teeth next these are similarly treated, and the horse, after having his tail, mane, and legs trimmed, is ready to be passed off as a seven-year-old. Should the tusks be too long and blunt they are dealt with at the same time. This process of burning holes in the teeth is called "Bishoping," and a horse so treated is said to be "Bishoped." The feet at this time also receive attention from the blacksmith in the way of being neatly rasped and greased, and any sand-crack is plastered up with bees-wax.

Defects in the wind receive due attention at the hands of these reptiles. There are few ailments they prefer to "broken wind," as asthma in horses is popularly named. To come across a poor farmer having for sale a horse recently broken in the wind, they regard as a fine opportunity. A hard bargain is driven, and the horse, purchased for little over knackers' price, is taken away in triumph, and will be sold for as many pounds as he has now cost shillings. He is taken away to be "doctored," as follows:—A purgative is given and ingesta well got rid of, and then, scientifically enough, much care is exercised in the feeding; only hard food, such as wetted hay and wetted oats, is given. On the day of sale he is not taken directly into open market but to some quiet place near to it, where he is quickly dosed with melted goose-grease and gun-shot, about a pint of the former and from a quarter to half a pound of the latter; then his mouth and nostrils are carefully washed and sponged, and he is then taken directly into the market. By accident, as is the case with many of our very best remedies, it has been discovered that this treatment allays the spasm and prevents the characteristic double heaving of the flanks *pro tem.*, by which this affection is so easily discovered. We happen to know why this is so. Any sedative acting upon or through the stomach will relieve the breathing, as the stomach and lungs are supplied by the same nerve—the pneumo-gastric—which is half paralysed for the time. He is a lucky horse if he only has to be taken straight home and not sold and resold several times. In the course of the next thirty-six hours he will undeceive whoever possesses him. The shot and grease are ridded either by the purgation caused by the latter, or an attack of colic caused by the shot calls for remedies of which a purgative forms a part, and the unlucky owner finds to his chagrin that he and the horse have been sold at the same time.

Horses having other defects in the wind, such as roaring, are sold in head collars or halters, with the nose-band padded to grip the false nostrils in the London cabman fashion. By regulating the ingress and egress of air in the process of respiration the peculiar roar or grunt is in many cases quite concealed.

Glanders horses used to be a great catch for these worthies. After trimming up and ribboning such a purchase, one man carried a damp pocket handkerchief in his pocket to use handkerchief-fashion on the nose of the horse when the intending purchaser was not looking. If the nasal discharge was seen beforehand it was easily explained away as a "cold in the head." Thanks to our Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act this vile traffic has been considerably checked. Glanders horses live and thrive for years, but the disease communicated to mankind is speedily fatal. Grooms and those who go about horses get infected, and those who ride in hansoms and receive the spray from infected nostrils blown by a facing wind, run no slight risk, as doctors can testify.

For the last forty years a most artful dodge has been practised in the case of spavined hocks by a process called "cauticking." This was first discovered through the process of "cauticking" being used as a cure. It was noticed that the operation often left a slight enlargement behind not unlike a spavin, and this was quite sufficiently suggestive. We can best describe the operation—as it is performed for roguish purposes—by describing its *bona fide* performance for spavin. The horse is cast, and an incision made in the long axis of the leg an inch behind the spavin, and about one

and a half inches below this again. A blunt seton needle is then introduced under the skin and swept over the face of the spavin, and a piece of tow moistened with caustic is introduced and left there, its end only hanging out. After three or four such pledges have been introduced and retained, the horse is let up and put in a stall, and the pledges with drawn after forty-eight hours. This is neither more nor less than a rowel, or issue, which discharges for a fortnight or so and then heals, leaving a thickening or not, according to the time the tow is allowed to remain. When a horse has a spavin on one hock its sound fellow is cauticked to make the two a match. In many cases where there are no spavins but odd hocks, and one of them "coarse," the operation is done in the other to make both coarse, and so forth. In cases of spavin where the enlargement is sharply defined, the trick is resorted to for the purpose of toning down the well-defined outlines. When a mark happens to be left it is easily found, but if neatly done in the way we have described no one can find it out.

"Beanning" is a dodge resorted to for the purpose of returning a warranted horse, or for making a horse which is lame on one fore leg "go even" by lamming him on the fellow leg. For this purpose a hard substance such as a hard horse-bean is driven between the heel of the shoe and the adjoining portion of the foot. The heels of most horses will not bear pressure, and smiths take care to see daylight between the horse's heel and the heel of the shoe when the horse is being shod. A horse-bean driven in here effectually lames a horse before he has gone far, and produces a bruise which no one but an adept can detect, as no mark is left. If a person has bought a horse warranted sound, for which he cannot find a purchaser to his taste, a bean not unfrequently finds its way into the part we have named, and the horse put up at the nearest livery, and the price demanded of the unfortunate vendor, who may think himself well off if he only has to refund the price and not pay for a series of law costs. "Beanning" is oftener resorted to for returning a warranted horse than for the other purpose we have named. When a horse has been beanned it is difficult to distinguish the ambling, shuffling gait from the gait peculiar to sore, thin heels, caused by becoming foot-sore; indeed, the gait strongly resembles groggy lameness, also corns; so that for any of these ailments occurring to one foot, an even gait is procured by resorting to the process for the fellow foot.

We could go on enumerating the various tricks resorted to by these sweet creatures; but, perhaps, our readers will say, "Hold, enough!" and it might be that in doing so we should come across some process by which some unfortunate reader had suffered, and thereby "resurrect"—as the Yankees say—some unpleasant memories.

WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

DUFF & STEWART, 147, Oxford-street, W.—"Listen, fair maid," price 3s., words by Mrs. Hemans, music by W. C. Levey. The words of this song are worthy the pen of the departed authoress, and Mr. Levey's music is simple but elegant.—"Come back, bright vision," price 3s., ballad, written by F. W. Green, composed by W. C. Levey. The words are acceptable, and the melody, which lies within the compass of ordinary voices, is remarkably sweet and expressive.—"Ella," price 3s., is an English version, by B. S. Montgomery, of a song by Franz Abt. The verses are well written, and the story of the maiden who is faithful to the memory of her lost lover is in harmony with Abt's pathetic melody.—"Shine, silver moon," price 3s., words by E. Oxenford, music by Franz Abt, is a pretty duet, with well-written words and graceful music, and will form an agreeable addition to the repertory of drawing-room part music.—"Love's Young Dream Quadrilles," price 4s., by J. Rochard. This set of quadrilles, expressly arranged for juvenile pianists, merits warm recommendation. Popular Irish melodies have been judiciously selected and ably arranged.—"Intermezzo," price 3s., is a "feuillet d'album," for pianoforte, by G. Bachmann. It is a pleasant and lively trifle, decidedly original in character and treatment.—"La Fête au Village," price 3s., by the same composer, is a "pastoral caprice" for the pianoforte, and although sufficiently capricious, is but slightly pastoral in character.—"The Vokes Family Quadrille," price 4s., by W. C. Levey, is founded on melodies sung by the Vokes family, whose portraits adorn the title-page. The popularity of the well-known tunes will probably secure the success of these quadrilles.—The "Prince Charlie Quadrilles," price 4s., by F. Bernard, is adorned with a cleverly-designed coloured picture, by G. Brandt, representing the entry of Prince Charles Edward and his Highlanders into Edinburgh after the battle of Preston Pans. The melodies consist chiefly of popular Jacobite tunes, which have been cleverly arranged for ball-room purposes.

METZLER & CO., 37 Great Marlborough-street, W.—"Pensées Dansantes," No. 6, price 4s., by Alfred Cellier, is the concluding number of a charming series of pianoforte solos, founded on dance-rhythms, serve as foundations of musical structures in which elegance and fancy are combined. The work is described on the title-page as No. 6 in A flat, but it is throughout written in D flat.

W. CZERNY, 349, Oxford-street, W.—"Danse des Masques," price 3s., by J. W. Gritton, is a pianoforte solo, avowedly written in imitation of "sixteenth century" music. The composer has shown some ingenuity in the arrangement of the counterpoint to his old-fashioned themes.—"Celebrated Choruses, arranged for ladies' voices," price 4d. each. A fourth series of these useful publications has been commenced, and Nos. 37 to 42 are before us. Whether it is right to describe them as "celebrated" choruses may be doubted, for they are chiefly selected from the works of Von Wasa, Mazzoni, Binder, and Kotoli—composers who have never yet written anything which has become "celebrated." No. 39, "A fearful tale," is by Schumann, but the high standard of selection maintained in the three preceding series of these choruses has not been preserved, and greater care should be taken to keep up the reputation of these publications. The vocal arrangements have been ably harmonised by J. G. van Eyken.—"Sweet Chiming Bells," price 3s., words by E. Oxenford, music by F. Abt. The melody of this song deserves better verses than those furnished by Mr. E. Oxenford. To say nothing of such Cockney rhymes as "calm" and "charm," what must be thought of the grammar—or rather the ignorance of it—exhibited in such lines as

Ring on, ye bells! thy (*sic*) silver chimes,
Thy (*sic*) music is a soothing balm.
Like life, thy (*sic*) tones are grave and gay.

A single blunder might have been excused, but a triad of such blunders can only be attributed to deficiency of grammatical knowledge, or to carelessness of the most culpable kind.

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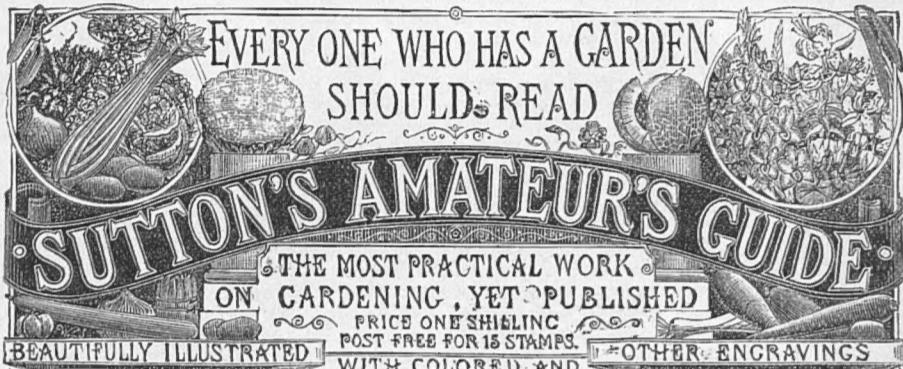
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